

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumî

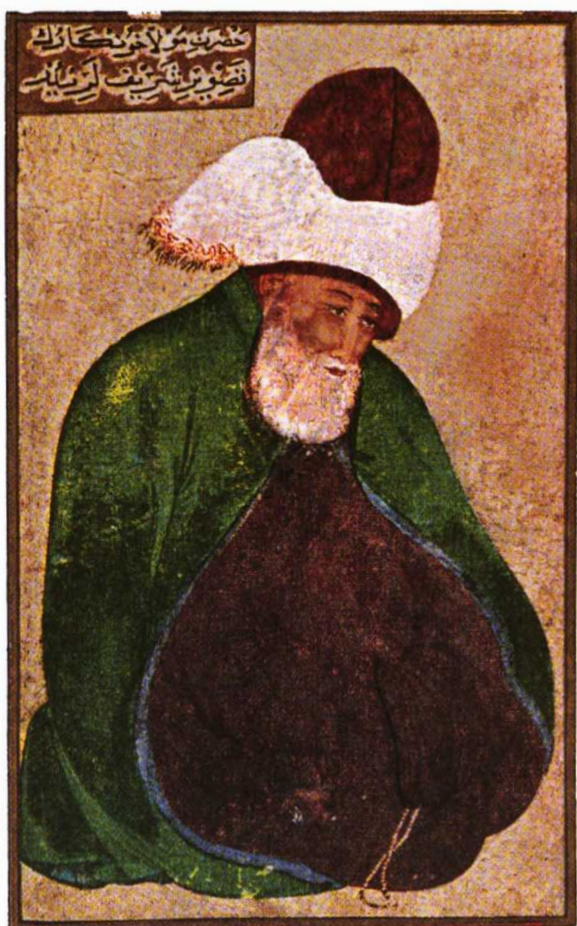
Dîvân-i Kebir
Meter 10

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Munarih

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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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in their efforts to bring Mevlana Celâleddîn Rumi
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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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Translator's Note

The rising interest about Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi around the world has reached a phenomenal scale.

His biggest appeal to people all over the world comes from his sincere and direct approach to God and Love. His love of humanity and nature are part of this Divine Love.

The first volume of Divan-i Kebir was co-published by the Ministry of Culture of Turkey in 1995. This was the first attempt at the Divan's English translation.

I am happy to say that the tenth volume is already completed. The remaining twelve volumes will follow.

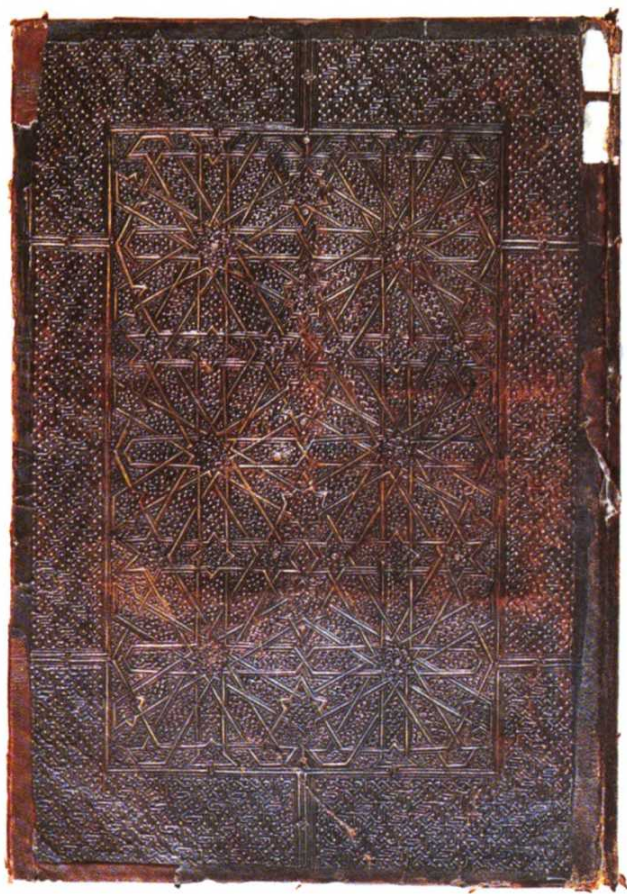
When East and West try to understand each other in our present world, sometimes a dangerous fault line develops where different cultures collide.

Mevlana's systhesis of different cultures and faiths may set a good example for the rest of the world.

We are invisible, secret sometimes,
Other times apparent, obvious.
We are sometimes Muslim,
Sometimes in the faith of Moses,
Sometimes Christian.
In order to be an example to others,
We must assume a different form
Every day.

Verse 1527

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 10
Bahr-i Mun

Müftellün Fâilât Müftellün Fâilât

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1.

Verse 1

How long will you be running away from us?
How long will you go from here to there?
Your soul is in our hand,
Just like the handle of a stick.

How long will you be kept
Turning around the world for nothing?
Have you seen any loyalty
From this crowd that's full of empty words?

O one who suffers from loose bowels,
Empty-hearted person.
Assume you turned around
The world for two or three days,
Assume you died like a dog, hungry and hopeless.

In either case, your heart is dead,
Looking for a carcass.
You are the son of the one who washes corpses.
The dress you wear is made of shrouds.

You haven't seen any live person
Who shows and talks about death.
How long will you be embracing
The decorative picture
On the wall of the public bath?

Your arms are full of the broken pieces
Of vases, stone and gravel.
Gold in front of you is the worst evil.
You don't understand now,
But when death comes and destroys them all,
You will understand and believe me.

At that time you'll say,
"Now you are offering old gold.
What can I do with that?
I am going to the other world,
Gold isn't worth anything there."

You are not a raven.
You are a nightingale.
Why are you here?
What has happened to the garden, meadow,
Lawn pasture, cypress and morning breeze?

O my Beauty, all the beauties are yours.
But tell me, to whom do you belong? To whom?
O rose of our garden,
Tell where you are. Where?

The iris didn't show any trace of you,
Didn't give me any information
Even though it had hundreds of tongues.
It said, "Don't ask for anything
But praying and praise from me."

O Moon, because of your hand,
The garden is full of sugar,
Even has many leaves and fruits,
But is not aware of your hand.

The cypress has grown,
But how could it reach your stature?
The narcissus has eyes, but is unable to see you.

Assume the bird read a sermon,
The branch has blossomed with flowers.
Assume green came and passed fast.
None of them have permanency, anyway.

Flowers drink water from clouds.
Heart is from perception.
Clouds are a friend of the grass and meadows.
Patience is for light and enlightenment.

People, devils and monsters
Have been aligned row upon row, everywhere,
But they cannot step in this tavern, they cannot.

Keep looking for me everywhere.
Whatever you want, ask it from me.
There is not any road on which
I cannot show you the way.

The surface of water is warmed by sunlight,
Then the sun pulls that water to the sky.

Slowly he takes that to himself.
You wouldn't even see it.
That heart-catching, blazing
Thief keeps stealing thieves, pure and clean.

I closed my lips with those amazing words,
But the sky keeps calling you all night long.



2.

Verse 20

○ Soul's rest and comfort
During the troubled times!
O One who becomes a treasure
Of Karun¹ during poverty!

My soul has reached the thing
That is beyond the vision of mind and suspicion.
This has happened because of You.
This is why you are Kible^{2 3} to me.

I keep glimpsing the world of existence
With your kindness and compassion.
O my Sultan, how could this temporary kingdom
fool me?

Melody in the sounds of the one
Who gives good news from You
Is better than all the melodies,
Even if you don't call us.

How is it a must to pray Fatiha on every rekat?⁴
O my Sultan, it is also a must
To bring Your image to my eyes.

You ignore even the sins of unbelievers.
You do intercession for them.
You are only tough and stone-hearted to me.

There will be a time that He gives wealth
With His endless compassion,
Opens the whole secret treasure in front of my eyes.

I prostrate,
Put my face to the ground wholeheartedly.
Even with all these things,
You are the love of so-and-so for me.

Eternal life for me is the time of Union,
Because that moment is timeless.

Life is a dish, plate, glass, container.
If you are not there,
Why should I care for the cup or glass?

I had twenty thousand desires before.
Since I have fallen in with His desire,
All of them have gone.

Your kindness has helped me, my sultan,
So that I became convinced of His saying,
"You will never be able to see me."⁵

My heart, my soul have been filled
By His pearls of meaning.
He is the One who tells me
There is no second, no third.

His union has touched the soul,
But body did not understand this pleasure.
In fact, He appeared to me without body.

**I have grown old with your grief,
But I become rejuvenated when
The name of Tebriz is mentioned.**



3.

Verse 35

In order to stop me on the road,
He is pulling me to the road.
He wants me to fall in the hands
Of the bandits on the road.

Who am I to the One who stages
A hold-up of two hundred caravans?
Why is He pulling me to the road?

If He doesn't do a favor and scratch my head,
I lose my head, my Soul.
I pull my heart from this earth,
Leave it here with the cold-hearted ones.

How nicely he stages the hold-up on our way.
That's why I keep playing.
Love plays a new tune,
Brings a new game every moment.

Sometimes he feels sorry and sends me
To a corner to sit.
When I sit, he calls me back again.

Today he makes me fly like a falcon.
I wonder what he will make me catch,
To whom he will send me.

My zeal is like thunder, my words are like water.
When he squeezes me, my clouds rain.

My cloud has been taking water from that sea
Since this morning.
Let's see on whom that thunder and wind
Will make me rain.

But when he makes me rain,
He doesn't waste me.
He gives me to the hands of hundreds of plants.



4.

Verse 44

○ One who knocks on our door,
You are the light of the house.
Come. The house of our heart is Yours.
You are the landlord.

The house is enlightened by You.
Heart and soul are Your place.
Where are You?
Come. Come inside.

O Beauty who has grown in houses,
O Charmer, who makes people crazy, insane,
O Beauty, end to end,
To whom do you belong?
Come. Come inside.



5.

Verse 47

Violet has folded again,
Come to the side of the rose.
Again the red-dressed rose has torn his robe.

Our green-dressed beauties have come suddenly
From that side of the universe, cheerfully.

The flag-holding cypress has poured gasoline,
Burned the season of autumn.
The charming tulip has appeared
From the top of the mountain.

The hyacinth says, "Greeting to the jasmine."
"Greetings to you, O brave." said the jasmine,
"Why don't you come to the garden, the meadow?"

There is a Maruf⁶ everywhere
Who claps his hands like the plane tree,
Plays like the morning breeze;
A Sufi appears everywhere.

The bud has hidden its face like a woman
Who has veiled herself from men,
But the breeze is pulling her dress, saying,
"Come on O beauty, open your face."
Beloved, You have been adorned
Like a water lily in our creek,
Our neighborhood, but why are you so pale?

That bitter-faced winter has passed.
The one who cuts joy and pleasure is dead.
O quick-footed jasmine, you have a long life.

Narcissus has fallen in adventure,
Blinked its eyes to green meadows.
"It is Your order," the meadow says.

The carnation says to the willow,
"All my hope is on you."

The willow answers, "As a matter of fact,
I am like a bachelor house,
It's a special time for you. Come."

Page 249 of original Divan

The apple says, "O orange, why are you uneasy?"
"I am afraid of evil eyes,
That's why I cannot show my face,"
Answers the orange.

The dove has come by cooing and asks,
"Where is my beautiful beloved?"
The nightingale introduced him
To the rose with beautiful melodies.

There is another secret spring
Beyond the spring on earth.
Its face is like the moon.
Cupbearer, offer wine.

O Sun, who rises at the darkness of evening,
O Sun, whose light makes the noon sun go away!

There are few words left, but it is really late.
Whatever is left of the night,
I will tell them in the morning.



6.

Verse 62

If the river bed wasn't dry,
If water flowed there,
Why would the rich man
Be running thirsty in the neighborhood.

The jar which doesn't have wine inside
Is filled with air.
How could that jar flash blood to the faces?

There is no smell of roses on the thorns.
Even the blind don't expect
The smell and beauty of the rose from the thorn.

Be consumed with passion,
With the fiery search for him.
See his face, follow his smoke, run after him.

Watch his face through musk-smelling veils.
Ah, what a face this is.
It has not been cleaned with water.
God has washed and cleaned his face.

There is no cover on his face but his hair.
This hair becomes a club sometimes,
At other times, turns into a ball.

Sparks of his face reflect on his hair,
So his face can be seen in his hair
And he can mislead lovers.

Oh, for the good old days!
Those hairs have tied so many souls, one by one.
Souls have been attracted to those hairs
Like flies that fall into sesame oil.

As long as wine makes you drunk,
It doesn't matter if it has no color.
Since your beauty is Joseph's beauty,
I won't look for medicine to heal my wounds
Nor glue to repair my breaks.

This unruly gazelle hunts only lion.
When he crosses his burrows, he lowers down,
And the soul becomes flattened.

The praise of Tebriz,
The one who never harms anybody, God's Shems;
This is layer upon layer of your love,
Unfold them one by one.



7.

Verse 73

The Sufi has been engulfed with secrets,
Asking himself what will happen at the end,
What will be appearing from Absence.
He has put his head down, meditating.

The secret of the heart of God's wine
Is not interested
In anything but awakening the lover.

When water became earth,
Wind plunged into fire.
Love pulled down the tents of these four,
Burned them all.

Love carries the tents of these lovers behind them
And turns the fire into spiritual light in the sky
Where its trace doesn't appear.

Don't ring this doorbell.
Don't talk about Kalender⁷.
You are not a bird, don't fly.
Don't make snow sound like tar.

Listen to me, drink soul's wine.
Make the thoughtful mind, crazy.
Give him ecstasy.

Your being won't be turned into a tavern
Until you are annihilated.
Come, make this door, this wall,
Kible for yourself.

Be drunk with the Elest⁸ glass of wine.
Fill the tavern with wine worshipers.

Look at this kindness.
This is the favor of God's Shems.
That rose-cheeked face turns Tebriz into China.



8.

Verse 82

How ugly is the one who has not been
Dishonored by a beautiful Beloved.
Look at the hands, watch the feet,
Clap your hands, tap your feet on the ground, dance.

Trees, crops, grass are all buffoons of the wind.
The one who stays away from the wind
Is a thorn, is dry rubbish.

Anyone who doesn't put his face
To the fragments of his being stays away.
Crush his head under your feet.
Go ahead, crush his head, his feet.

Since you are not free
From every idiot's words and breath,
You might as well become dirt for someone
Who is help for every soul.



9.

Verse 86

I don't have any other work besides His.
He is where I work. He is my work.
I talk, talk, open discussion,
Because He is my buyer.

I turned into a talking parrot,
Because He is my sugar land.
I became a singing nightingale,
Because He is my rose, my rose garden.

I fly with angels because He is my arms, my wings.
My head touches heaven
Because He is my head, my turban.

My Soul, my heart are calm,
Because He is my Soul, my heart.
My caravan is safe,
Because He is my caravan master.

My grape has become this color in His jar,
Turned into a rose garden.
He is my shining, glistening sword, like the sun.

Why did the house of my body
Become a place for people to prostrate?
Because day and night
He is the One at my door, my wall.

My heart doesn't give its hand
To anyone from His hand,
Because He is the doctor to my broken heart.

Who doesn't have a brand
To make him His slave, His servant?
He is my stranger, my enemy,
Even though He is my father.

O, One who has been broken,
Suffers without complaint,
Ask everything from me,
Because He is my storehouse;
He is my cellar.

The Sultan invites me to His temple.
Why can't I go there?
How can I deny Him?
He is all my acknowledgment.

He asked me, "How long will you
Be saying all these words? Be silent."
But, my dear, what can I do?
He is all my words.
My words belong to Him.



10.

Verse 97

I wonder whose beloved that is
Who is going so fast.
He goes really fast.
Whose swaying cypress is he?

Whose feet are tied up with his curly hair?
To whose fate has his hair,
Which resembles an idol, become a calamity?

There is a picture in our heart.
I wonder whose picture it is?
I wonder from whose garden all these
Beautiful smells are coming.

I have seen that Sultan.
I wondered, "Whose Sultan is he?"
I asked, "Whose Sultan of Sultans?"

When he heard me, he asked his friend,
"From where does this smoke come?"
From whose confused stage is this smoke coming?"

Mind goes from one side to the other.
Soul runs from one neighborhood to the other.
Soul constantly keeps searching.
Whose shepherd is this, O my God?

Why do you fall in love with the world?
Be a guest on this earth,
And if someone knows whose guest he is,
Be a slave and servant to him.

There is an uproar and fighting in my heart.
There are hundreds of Sultans,
Hundreds of masters.
Whose assembly, whose tent is this noisy place?

There is no boundary for heart's space.
Even the world is lost there.
O Heart that turned into an ocean,
Whose valley, whose desert is the chest?

What could sorrow do to the person
Who knows from where sorrow is coming?
The one who knows from whom joy is coming
Is cheerful and happy all the time.

O one who talks about kindness and favors
And says, "I am kind and generous,"
Death asks you,
"Whose favors and kindness are those?"

When all these friends leave you,
You will understand who had the charm.

Leave the penny of words.
Look for the seal of the Sultan.
O pure gold, from which treasure
Does your money and wealth come?



11.

Verse 110

The sound of Love is coming
From the left and the right.
We are ascending to the sky.
Who wants to watch the earth?

We were in heaven.
We were friends of angels.
We are returning there.
It is our town.

In fact, we are higher
Than the sky above the angels.
Our stage is greatness.
Why shouldn't it surpass those two?

Where is the clean pearl?
Where is the earth made by dirt?
Where have you landed?
Gather your belongings, tie your bale.
What kind of place is that?

Our friend is good fortune.
To give life is our work.
Our caravan master is Mustafa⁹
Whom the world praises.

When the moon saw His face,
It couldn't stand it and split,¹⁰
Became an ordinary slave and servant for Him.
That's the way the moon has found that fortune.

The beautiful smell of this wind
Comes from the curls of His hair.
The spark of His image reflects from His face
That resembles the forenoon Sun.

Look at our heart there,
Watch how the moon splits in half.
Why are you taking your eyes away
And looking at the other side?

People were born from the sea of Soul
Like water birds.
How do those birds that come from the sea
Make this place home?

We are engulfed by soul's sea
With every breath we take.
If it is not so, why do the waves come
One after the other
From the Sea of Heart?

The wave of Elest¹¹ has come.
The boat is prepared, then shipwrecked.
This is the time of Union.

The time for Union,
Assembly time for the last judgment,
Time for immortality,
To reach God's compassion,
Transform to pure clean ocean.

A gift box appeared right in the middle.
The sea became pure and clear.
Dawn broke for the day of happiness.
What a day with divine light!

Page 250 of original Divan.

Whose picture, whose shape,
Whose sultan, whose master is this?
To whom does this old, experienced mind belong?
All these are the veils to cover someone's face.

Exuberance overflows the only power
To open these veils.
Your heart, your eyes
Are the source of beautiful, sweet waters.

But do we have two heads in our body?
This clay head is from earth,
That clean one is from sky.

The real head is hidden,
The one that depends on that is apparent.
Be assured that there is an endless universe
Beyond this world.

Your head came from the other head.
To make you understand that,
Many clean heads have fallen to the feet of earth.

O water-carrier, tie the strings of our water bags.
Our jar cannot take any more.
The vase of understanding
Is so small in that place
That it is very difficult to understand.

When God's Shems rose and shone from Tebriz,
I told him, "Your light is fused with everything,
At the same time is separated from everything."



12.

Verse 130

I am Joseph of Canaan.
My face like the moon is witness to that,
Although nobody asked for proof,
For witness from the Sun.

O my tall, great cypress, I would show you proof,
But there is no better proof
Than the straight stature of the cypress.

Witnesses to the Moon are
Its beauty, light and quickness.
Shining stars are the proof, the deed of the sky.

O roses, flowers, O garden meadows,
Who are your witnesses?
Smells come to the nose, colors adorn the eyes.

If reason is a judge,
Where are His decrees, commands?
To see the result of the work,
The persistence, the dignity and loyalty,
Those are His commands and decrees.

What is the proof that love is the confidant?
Nothing else but the Beloved's face
Is seen in his eyes.

This mean, old world is like a prostitute.
How do I know that?
One is with her, just about to finish.
The others are waiting behind.

When she sends this one out,
She takes the other one in her arms.
Neither does her kiss come from her loyalty,
Nor the dresses she gives
From her kindness or her favor.

There is another world.
The proof is that there is movement.
Constantly the old ones pass away,
New ones come.

There is always a new day, a new night,
New, fresh garden, new meadow,
New net, new trap.
There is new thought with every breath,
New pleasure, new richness.

If there is no infinite, endless world
Besides the visible world,
Where are the old ones going?
From where are the new ones coming?

The world is like the water of the river.
It appears as the same water, but water flows.
It is not the same water at any given time.
From where is that water coming?
Where is it going? Where?

Be silent.
Don't say anymore.
For the one who needs words,
Tell him to look for them.
Tell the essence of the word.
The essence of the word is our Sultan.

He is such a Sultan that he gives souls.
He is the praise of Tebriz.
He is the confidant of Mustafa
In the secrets of love.



13.

Verse 144

The Sultan opens his face,
But where is the eye that is able to see?
The Sultan's wine is full of roses, narcissus,
But who will be able to drink?

The Sultan has walked in the assembly
With joy right now.
But who is the one
Who will put his head on his knee?

Who is the one who keeps turning
In front of Sun's face?
Who has the moon that will rise
Through the cover of body?

He kept counting the glasses,
But glasses went beyond numbers.
But whose glass was the first one?

There is a new beauty that comes
From the beauty of the Sultan's face
Every moment in the land of Absence
And says, "Who has the money for the wedding?"

There are so many water birds
Around the sea of love,
But where is the hunter's heart, the falcon's eye?

Here are Love's buraks,¹²
They are pasturing in His grasses and meadows,
But it is impossible to reach them.
Who has the proper saddle to put on them?

The silver statue of Love's beauty
Entered the tent of heart.
But who has the golden face
That deserves this silver statue.

Soul's Sultan of Sultans Shemseddin
Is the praise of Tebriz.
Who has a Sultan like him with good rules,
Good manners in both worlds?



14.

Verse 153

It is blasphemy to be aware of fate and curses.
The one who knows, who understands Him,
Will surpass this world
And all of these.

The ones who know a little of this, a little of that
Are the most unfortunate ones.
Really, His face is like the sun,
His hair is like ambergris.

Ah, all the trouble from Moses;
The one who will see Him one moment
Will run away from people like Samiri.¹³

There are Mount Sinais with numbers of sounds.
They are all after his zeal.
There are moons in the numbers of stars.
They are all Jupiters¹⁴ for him.

His eyes, for sure, are the real magicians.
He covers the eyes of the people
So nobody will be able to see him.

He is an alchemist.
The goldsmith of love keeps
Working on my face with zeal.

O Son, step on fire like Abraham.
Fire becomes the rose garden, water lilies
With His compassion.

His face that resembles a rose garden
Is for soul's pasture.
At that tulip's garden
Soul has been nicely nourished.

Reason has found Shemseddin
Whom the Soul praises, a pearl,
So the sea won't appear in his eyes
In Tebriz.



15.

Verse 162

○ friends, the Beloved came to our assembly again.
He appears different to the eyes,
Giving the impression that it is not him.
But he is the one who came to our assembly.

Sometimes he becomes the nicest of the nice.
Other times he turns into fire.
This is the custom of the beloved,
To play games like that.

He is loyal; loyalty is what he does.
How could he turn his back on us?
In fact, he doesn't have a back.
He is like a candle; every side of him is face.

Get out of your skin like a snake
And appear from the Beloved.
Don't you have any essence?
How long will you stay in this skin?

Whoever desires us wholeheartedly becomes us.
Whoever flows like a torrent and looks for the river
Turns into a river.

Gardens are filled with nightingales
Because of the desire of His love.
Inside and outside are filled with perfume
Because of His rosy cheeks.

God's Shems who is the praise of Tebriz,
Knows that my body turned into a hair
Because of the sorrow of his love.



16.

Verse 169

○ sorrow, even if you cover me like body's hair,
You can't be a burden to me.
This stage is full of sugar,
There is no room for you here.

The heart which has fallen into empty desires,
Is the one that has grief and anxiety.
Sorrow always goes to the place
Where that Beauty is absent.

O grief, if you become pure gold,
If you turn into sugar,
I will close my mouth
Reminding you that I don't eat.

If there is a bale in the heart,
That must be his sugar bale.
If there is a fancy in the heart,
That must be the trip to the Beloved
To reach Him.

O one who cannot be freed from grief,
Cannot get rid of his sorrow and grief,
If you don't have eyes to see Him,
At least get the smell, be cheerful.

The full moon is His face.
Verse and gazels are His hair.
Smell is only for the one who cannot see Him.



17.

Verse 175

The shell of our body woke up from sleep
Tired and sluggish.
Who is the one
Who moves this tired sluggish body?

The one who moves this body
Tears the heart's curtain.
Everything is caused by His smell.
To see Him is different, is something else.

The movement of people comes from Love.
There is no beginning,
No end of Love's movement.
Air moves thanks to the whirling sky.
Trees move because of this movement, this blowing.

When heart is warmed by Love,
His fear, his shame are all gone.
The breath of love is very hot.
Love is a dragon.

What would happen if Soul's cupbearer
Poured sediment into our glass?
Our cupbearer's sedimented wine
Is pure and clear.

Love's wine, O Son, is neither Helal nor Haram.¹⁵
You bring the full glass; let's see whose turn it is.

O completely pure heart,
Thousands of greetings to you.
All the beauties are a slave and servant to you.
You have all the beauties.

When I prostrate in front of the Beloved,
Heart says, "Put your mind into your head.
The best prostration is to give your life
When you are prostrating."



18.

Verse 183

You are not a burden to me, O sorrow.
Even if you become hair and cover my body,
Even if you turn into sugar,
Don't deny you are vinegar.

You are a blood-thirsty, deceitful bandit.
But our Kible is only that tricky Beloved.

He is the sugar's mine, the drunkenness of heads.
There is no way for him but that bird
Who doesn't eat sugar.

Whoever has heart is the slave,
The servant of the Beloved.
Whoever doesn't have heart
Cannot ask for or desire the Beloved.

Why does the bald ask for a comb?
He doesn't have hair.
What will a person do with weft
If he doesn't have warp?

What could the one who rides a donkey
Do on the square?
What would the banker do with a person
Who doesn't have money?

The souls of Moses and Abraham run toward fire.
It looks like fire from a distance,
But it is nothing but a rose garden.

O Sorrow, go away;
Otherwise, you will lose your head.
Dark evening couldn't stay with the Beloved
Like a moon.

O grief that is full of thorns,
Go to the heart of the grieved.
Your stingy appetizer
Is not the morsel for a drunk.

The eyes of your *gayn* is narrow.
Your *mim* is even tighter.¹⁶
Love is not interested
In your little wealth and possessions.

O Sorrow which disperses joy,
This mouth is full of sugar,
So much so that it is impossible to talk.



19.

Verse 194

It is only natural to be confused
In front of that Beauty
Whose face is like the moon.
The candle and basin are necessary
For the joy of the moth.

My ear is full of yells from His harp of suffering.
No wonder my breath
Follows the rhythm of His harp.

There are plenty of tears
In the bucket of my eyes.
But it is necessary to have
A dimple in the chin like a well.

What is necessary to reach that Beauty
Which resembles the Moon?
In order to reach that temple,
One has to have a good disposition.

O peerless beauty, give your hair to my hand.
It is necessary to drop a rope
To the one who has fallen in this well.

Love is a beautiful place to live,
But why are all these strangers here?
It is necessary to have a wall and towers
To protect the city.

The guard of grief closed the door to quick looks.
It is necessary to have Hutten¹⁷ beauties
To cheer the eyes.

You are not in love with Jesus,
But how can you live without barley,
Without a donkey?
A grave and coffin are necessary,
Even for a dead body.

Labor contractions lead to Soul's Mary
Under the date tree.
Even for the One who was exhausted
From suffering,
Food and shelter were still necessary.

The reward given to the heart
That pulls lots of weight is Union.
For the poor camel, it is to drink water
And settle down in green pastures.

Do a favor, O Sugar mine, close my mouth.
It is necessary to close the mouth
Of a drunken camel.



20.

Verse 205

Our sugar-chewing soul is in love with His sugar.
The shade of His divided hair
Is our mansion in both worlds.

Love has grown to the heights,
Has been growing because of His stature.
On the other hand, our stature is down,
Is drowning in love.

Wherever there is a red rose,
It is painted with our blood.
A yellow rose is grown in our bile.

Whatever you think, it is not His peer.
His friend, His lovers are the ones
Who have no contrary ones, no peers.

Night has been dressed in black
Because of His separation.
The dark smoke of night comes
From the fire of our love.

If you don't believe me,
Ask this from the evening.
Ask so he will tell you
Of tomorrow's instigations.

What is evening?
Morning has been disgraced by Him.
Even the melting, disappearing moon
Is caused by our moon-faced one
Who adds heart to hearts.

Ah, how did you hide in both worlds?
How did you do that?
Look at this: Our Beloved is hidden,
At the same time, wide open to our eyes.
O our charmer, we keep seeing you constantly.

There was a school for lovers
On the side where the blackboard of being existed.
Whatever has been written on that board
Has been our names, our fame.

The road begins with our footsteps,
Ends with our footsteps.
The ability to talk of Universal Soul
Is the sound of our shrill pipe.

Why are you hesitating
If you are not bent over like a harp?
The one who follows our footsteps
Is the one that goes to that side.

Although we are also bent bodywise,
Our stature is twisted.
But this twisted body is a *Tugra*¹⁸
At the decree of Love's Mansur.

Shemseddin, Soul praises him,
Picked up all his belongings, left for Tebriz.
We should bring him back as quickly as possible,
Because he is all we have.¹⁹



21.

Verse 218

My soul and your soul
Became one because of Union.
Each of these two souls is the same.
Nothing should remain besides that one.

How has the number become one?
Because of bad habits.
They were born from the fire of a wind,
Then started blowing in our head.

They were one before, but divided by waves.
This separation is caused by wind.

Break the glass of duality;
Don't throw wine toward the wind.
When there are two sultans in the same city,
The town becomes confused, instigates trouble.

Morning became superior to evening
Because he had one candle.
Night lit a candle everywhere,
But it is still dark.

Creatures receive mercy
From their Lord in every breath,
But when will the time come
When God remains and creatures disappear?



22.

Verse 224

○ one whose face is like a snake's face,
O one whose disposition has mixed
With the poison of a dry skeleton,
How lucky is the person
Who hasn't seen your face.

I became a guest to you.
I came to the garden of your Soul.
Thorns got stuck in my feet,
I haven't harvested even one rose.

Your surroundings are as hard
As a porcupine full of sharp thorns.
Your thorns killed us, your snake bit us.

I made an agreement with you.
Now I've become double-faced.
I was in love with a container, a shape.
Yet, there was a bitter olive oil in it.



23.

Verse 228

Don't be deceived
When destiny raises you high. Don't brag,
Because before he drops you down, he raises you.

It is not worth it to sacrifice
Until a drop of semen comes out from a creature
And becomes a lamb to be sacrificed.

Grains of sand gather together
Until they become a mountain.
Nobody hits that with a crowbar.

Without a neck, no one will have
An iron bar on their neck.
Feet are not tied
Unless they become walking feet.

The words, *My Mercy is more
Than my punishment*²⁰
Are poison to the one
Who is used to eating sugar.

It won't be a big towering fire
Until the small plant grows
And becomes a big tree.

Don't look for grandeur,
Don't be brutal.
Have fruits like a stump of grapes.
Nobody gathers thorns in order to harvest dates.

Big trees are grown for small fruits.
The trees look enormous, but the fruit tiny.

Heart resembles the saints
Who are the pillar of the earth.
Without doubt, body stands only with heart.

The power and strength of this body
Depends on an invisible heart.
How long will you be denying Absence?
Look to Absence, see Absence.



24.

Verse 238

People of earth came to life
Because of your hair that resembles a rope.
Charmers and acrobats came to play with that rope.

Love is like a star in the heart
Of every charmer, every acrobat.
They came to play,
Scattered spiritual light around the moon.

They desired this Sema,
And cypress statures came like palm trees
Behind love's garden, clapping their hands.

Look and see what we have spun and twisted,
Whose hand we have kissed that such morsels
Are coming to our mouths.

When the guest charmer touched
The corners of that veil,
They became Sultans to this earth.

Such Sultans that, thanks to his grace,
There is a beauty on every corner
Who opened their chest to give mercy to us.

They came very rigid, with arrows in their eyes,
But they are flirting with
The movement of eyebrows.

Be a pickpocket, walk in the dark.
Search every neighborhood at night.
Because they come,
Hiding under the blanket of eternity.

They saw my God's Shems around Tebriz.
They quit their stores
Because they acquired the mine.



25.

Verse 247

Tercet-Bend

☾ Beautiful, whose tall stature is envied
By the long cypress,
Even if you don't feel like it, smile for me.

The Universe has been exalted, overjoyed
Because of you.
Be generous, sell your smile cheap.
How much are you asking for it?

When you smile, the sun smiles,
Colors cover the universe,
Hundreds of moons and hundreds of suns
Learn to smile from you.

O Beautiful, O piece of the Moon,
Your beauty is reflected in the tulip garden,
The rose garden.
Look at the sugar cane, it is filled with your sugar.

O Sun, your face drew the sword of joy,
Cut the head of bitterness,
Pulled sorrow and grief from their roots.

Moon's period is passed.
It is the time of the planet Venus.
Earth turned into a rose garden,
The thorns don't do harm anymore.

The Sultan has set an endless assembly for lovers.
Every one of His servants
Put golden horse shoes on horses.

All these are gone.
Come further, O my dear,
In front of your sweet lips
Even sugar puts a circle in its ears
And becomes a slave, a servant.

Page 252 of original Divan.

Come even further, further.
I will sacrifice my soul, give my head.
This earth which has been engulfed in dust and dirt,
Sorrow and grief, blooms like roses.

We are nice and friends are also nice.
We keep drinking God's wine,
And for evil eyes,
We throw a handful of Corek otu.²¹

The smell of Union came.
The garden of Ridvan became green.
Peace blinds the eyes of shameless Satan.
"Peace is more auspicious."²²

Rejuvenate for the verse of Tercî,
Be agile, borrow a brand new ear
To hear the things that pass through the head.

The sultan woke up drunk this morning.
He beats the drum by himself.
I wonder what is in his heart?

The sky is waiting to see
What the hero is going to do.
Tell it that whatever he does, it is good for us.

There is a new garden that comes to us
With every breath.
Your generosity wipes out
The generosity of Hatem-i Tayy.²³

O great cypress stature,
O the Kible to every troubled one,
O the one whose fruit,
Whose garden makes persons confused,
O one whose green branch has all the loyalty!

One is completely content with You,
Satisfied, glad, keeps eating fruits.
The other is confused, searching and asking,
“Where is he?”

He rubs his eyes, tries to wake up,
And waits to see if that tree
That is next to your favor would grow.

Thoughts are the spring which runs from that tree.
Clean the stream from the mud.
As long as mud is in it, water won't be pure.

If the water were to deny its source,
Black soil would be scattered to his head,
He would chew thorns, talk lots of nonsense.

O greedy one who is satisfied
With a bunch of nonsense!
O one who smells worse than the leek,
You don't mention God's name
Until you have trouble.

After a beating, the donkey walks awkwardly
Instead of going straight,
Walks toward the green fields.

There is no safety in the pasture,
The meadow, the cultivated land.
Don't be misled with green;
The wolf is behind.

Open your ear to the Terci,
Because it is worse to meet the wolf
Than to be hungry.

O one whose blessing comes from
The door of Mercy with every breath,
You are the compassion
Sent as a blessing from that kindness.

O One who offers a different wine,
Different joys and pleasure to every particle
With a glass of kindness at His tavern!

He donates new life to death with every breath,
Offers a new glass with every breath.

A new jar is fermented, foamed.
Neys are exalted. "Drink, drink," they say.
When soul drinks a sherbet,
He loses his head and his feet.

If a drunk soul breaks the jar or vase, forgive him.
It is customary to overlook drunks.

He set a beautiful tune for the music.
He opened the door.
God saves him from evil eyes; it is a good order.

O One who makes the garden and meadow jealous,
When your beautiful smell comes to our nose,
Soul fills with wine without any trouble.

Soul and angels became drunk with a secret wine.
Sky has been lowered down in a mysterious way.

With every breath, a bottle is coming to me,
Full of wine.
Every moment your love makes an argument,
Raises an uproar in me.

The road to religion is full of flowers.
There is a rose garden in every step.
There is a heaven in every corner.

Write the words, *I give water to him*
On the face of every drunk
So they will know he is in deep ecstasy.

My cup is His cup.
He offers wine with every breath.
I, myself, keep yelling, "Hey! I am full.
It is enough."



26.

Verse 283

○ Beloved who resembles a specter,
You are close to me and at the same time,
Far away from me.
You play with our souls as you please.

Adam's time has passed,
It is the bird's turn now.
They beat the drum of resurrection.
Get up! It's time for the ferman.²⁴

Your work is fine; your talk is sweet.
You have the beauty of maturity.
You are better than that.
Don't you have even more, won't you show us?

Prosperity opened the door
After the time of the moon.
Take off the mantle, the dresses
That came from the sultan.

Time is for cheer and joy, not for sorrow.
We don't have to brag.
We won't make a mistake.
O our patience, our support,
Don't make us deviate from our way.

Satan and the fairy both sat at the throne.
That's why oppression was so severe.
But Satan ran away.
Solomon's tent has been set.

Don't you have your song, your cheer,
O young one?
Pour wine into the glass.
You are at the beautiful mansion
On the way of happiness.

Love is such a good judge,
He is not cruel, keeps his word.
You don't have to recite La havle.²⁵
Satan who became Moslem came.

O Divine light that shines in the East,
Nothing like you has ever been created.
Hold my hand, raise me up to you.
You are the greatest of the great.

The Lover is lost, annihilated, then created again.
The Soul of the nightingale became drunk,
Came to the rose garden.

Houris threw off their covers.
All the world turned into Mount Sinai.
Enlightened, they became upside down.
The son of Imran, Moses, came.

The essence of every beautiful image is love.
Love appears through them.
Shapes and forms become curtains to the soul
Because of God's jealousy.

Your body is like dust, riding with the wind.
When dust is separated and gone,
Earth will look like Soul to us.

Be assured, dust will scatter, is gone with winds,
Hides like air in the early morning.



27.

Verse 297

Someone with breath like the morning breeze
Tore the curtain of darkness.
The day of resurrection came suddenly
In the middle of the night.

He destroyed all intermediaries.
He saw Himself; He heard everything
That no languages ever said,
Without head and ears.

When love comes, skin will be torn with pleasure.
But where is that pleasure
That takes you away from yourself,
Makes you invisible, unknown.

Absence wins the prize.
Dish after dish was carried.
Absence is a valuable key,
Certainly opens the door.

The martyr of lust is dirty.
The martyr of reason is clean.
But Absence has set its tent
Beyond that dirt, that cleanliness.

All hearts of lovers circle around Absence.
Absence looks like the Sheik of Sheiks
And all hearts are his disciples.

When the eye had seen God's Shems at Tebriz,
God asked, "Are you full?"
He answered to God, "Is there any more?"



28.

Verse 304

The month of fasting came.
The Sultan's flag came,
Took your hand off meals.
Soul's table, Soul's food came.

Soul was freed from nature,
And the hands of nature were tied.
The army of faith came,
Crushed the army of excessiveness.

The army of "I swear by runners
With panting breath"²⁶ stopped plunder.
Flesh started to cry from the fire
Of "the ones who step on their nails cause sparks."

The cow's affair was right.²⁷
When Imran's son, Moses, showed that miracle,
The dead came to life because of the sacrifice.

Since fasting is our sacrifice,
Soul's vitality is ours.
Since Soul came as a guest,
Let's sacrifice our body.

Patience is a nice cloud,
Divine wisdom rains from that.
In fact, the Koran came from heaven
On this fasting month.

When self is in need, Soul reaches Mirac.²⁸
The door of the dungeon is broken.
Soul joins the Beloved.

He tore the curtain of darkness,
Heart flew to the sky.
Soul was originally from angels
And again joined them.

Quick, grab the rope from the well of body.
Joseph of Canaan came to the top of the well.

When Jesus was freed from the donkey,
His prayers were accepted.
Wash your hands; meals come from the sky.

Wash your hands, your mouth.
Don't eat, drink or talk.
Look for the words and morsels
Which come from the silent ones.



29.

Verse 315

Blasphemy was dressed in black.
Mohammed's divine light came.
They beat the drum of immortality.
Eternal sovereignty came.

Earth became green,
Sky tore its cuff and collar.
Moon split in half once more.
Pure Soul came.

The world is filled with sugar,
Prosperity wears a decorated belt.
Get up, that Moon-faced one has come once more.

Heart which resembles an astrolabe
Became the proof of seven skies.
Seven volumes which interpretes
The heart of Ahmet²⁹ came.

When bound intelligence met his Sultan one night,
He said to Him,
"Self that has been stuck with restrictions
Came to the temple of your grace,
The door of good fortune."

The doorkeeper of Lover's heart
Made his head and feet like a pen.
Good news came to the heart of paper, like sugar.

How long, clean heart,
Will you keep waiting under the ground?
Come on jump out from the grave,
Great help comes to you.

They are beating the drum,
Playing the trumpet for the last day of judgment.
O dead one, a new day of judgment comes.

The ones in the graves³⁰ came to life.
The things in the heart came to the open.
The sound of the trumpet was heard.
Soul reached his wish.

Last night, an uproar was heard from the stars.
A lucky of the luckiest star,
That its star was shiny, came.

Mercury became lost,
Broke his pen on the blackboard.
After him, Venus jumped like a drunk
And reached the star of Ferhad.³¹

The full moon's face became pale,
Started to run to the sign of Leo.
I asked "What has happened?"
"That cupbearer,
Who has been out of himself, came," he said.

Intelligence wanted to show himself among
These confusions, but even if he knows Ebced,³²
A child is as a child.

That colorless, mute cupbearer
Kept pouring endless wine.
Even Kafdag³³ became drunk like a camel,
Started a continuous dance.

Get up, be ready, this is our time.
We are sultans, His look is our soul.
Immortal life came to us.

Solomon of Soul called us
To drink the morning wine.
The place where Belkis³⁴ was tried
Adorned by crystal, has been shown to us.

Out of obstinacy for religious jealousy
To the blind Satan,
Who has been expelled from heaven,
Soul's heart's salve came to our painful eyes.

I lock my tongue
So that non-confidant won't understand me.
O musician, you say,
"The endless drinking time has come."



30.

Verse 333

Venus has started early in the morning,
Has kept playing heart's tune,
Adding joy to joy, melody after melody.
Good news to all.

The sea of kindness has been raised.
Pull the cotton out of your ears.
Let's drink from the one who offered last night,
May it do you and me good.

The dust of love's trace is auspicious.
A sermon is read in his name.
The shadow of this Keykubad³⁵
Will always be cast on our head.

His beautiful face is blazing, sparkling.
His beautiful disposition is like spring.
He has another thing, mercy, mercy.
He is God of creatures.

Such a hangover in early dawn
Has made me confused;
I carry His stormy love like a cloud.

The charmer, who is
The peace of my heart, is drunk.
But heart's hand is saved from sores,
Bruises, pain and suffering.
He keeps interlacing his hair.
Look, Hodja, how beautifully he cheers the heart.

He grabs my hair, keeps pulling me.
I, myself, grimace, feel dizzy. O go away.
That charmer from whom
All the world attains desire
Is giving mine too, but He pulls and whirls me.

Wisdom was playing coy
With rules of intelligence, thank God.
He got stuck where he fell down
And gave up coyness.

I used to have two hearts;
That's why my feet got stuck in mud.
I have only one now.
The Beloved gave His heart
When I gave up my troubled one.

The world of heart comes from sky.
The words from flesh are tied with strings.
I break the bondage and go from where I came.

The charmer of the day of Elest said once more,
"Is there anyone who could bring it up?"

He said, "I ride a horse, come to you.
I created, decorated you, just for me.
I don't auction the one I made by myself."

I asked Him, "Who are You?
"I am everybody's wish, everybody's desire."
"All right," I said, "Who am I?"
"You are the desire for which everybody wishes."

Müfteilün fâilât: I gave up attributes.
When heart falls into words,
It disappears in the temple of God.

The one who is the praise of Tebriz
Gave heart, soul and intelligence.
Time became orderly with the help of these three.



31.

Verse 348

A small fox stealthily grabbed a fat tail and ran.
I wonder if the lion was sleeping?
But that blind, lame fox couldn't
Save his life from the lion.

The lion knew that, and knowingly
Gave a chance to the fox.
Who would believe it if I said
The lame fox stole the fat tail from the lion.

Someone said, "A wolf ate Jacob's Joseph."
The lion of sky doesn't even move his paw
To help him.

God's inspiration is the guard
Of our heart in every breath.
How could an envious Satan steal
Faith and belief from our heart?

God's hand is the best.
His arm is long.
Don't attempt to start
The wrong business with God's hand.
The one who sows barley seed on God's way
Harvests barley.

Whoever treats you with contempt,
Go, refer him to God.
Whoever scares you, turn your face to God.

Trouble, fear and sorrow are God's halter.
Hardship and distress grab your ear and pull you
To the temple of generosity.

You say, "God! God!"
You turn your face to the sky.
Tears from your eyes flow
Like a river on your pale face.

Greens grow from the tears
Of your broken, ruined heart and soul.
Morning lifts the veil from your face.
This is the day of immortality.

If the Pharoah had had sorrow and suffering
In his head,
He wouldn't have talked of Godliness;
He wouldn't have gotten himself in trouble.

When he was about to drown,
He said, "I am the poorest person."³⁶
His disbelief turned into belief,
Because he saw the face of trouble.

Don't remove troubles from your body.
Instead, throw your body to the bottom of the Nile
So you will be freed from denial like Pharoah's body.

Self is the king in Egypt,
But a captive in the bottom of the Nile.
Be the Archangel Gabriel for him,
Make smoke from Aloe wood.

The body is stingy Aloe wood,
Doesn't give the smell to you.
He doesn't open his secret
Until he is thrown into the fire.

The praise of Tebriz, God and faith's Shems,
Said, "Love," before.
He frowned because of your face.
It is not nice to increase this vinegar.



32.

Verse 363

Ah, once more I was burned with fire,
Fountains of blood gushed everywhere.

Ah, the sea of love once more became rough.
This crazy heart once more
Turned its face to the valleys.

Ah, an intense fire caught Heart's house.
The sky is covered with smoke.
The wind is warmed by my fire.

Don't blame me, heart's fire is not easy.
God, do you hear my yell, "Alas! Alas!"
From the fire of heart?

An army of thoughts is coming
From the forest to my heart.
Row, row; all of them are happy with sorrow.

O heart whose fame is so great;
O heart who is master to all hearts,
You choose patience.
That's why your soul has reached all its desires.

Wet, dry, all eyes are looking at each other.
Yours are looking to God.
Everybody's eyes should watch you from now on.

Your hand is God's hand,
Your eyes, God's eyes.
Your God's shadow shouldn't
Be out of everybody's head.

The cries of the people are from you.
From where are your wails coming?
All these were born from Love.
From where was Love born?

You are the owner of the land of existence.
You are the Shems of God and faith.
Love has never seen a Keykubad³⁷ like you.



33.

Verse 373

Bodily anxiety is over.
The uproar of Soul came.
Ants went to their holes.
Solomon's tent came.

How long will this fiery sky act rebellious?
Noah embarks on the ark,
The flood has risen.

Page 254 of original Divan.

How long will it take the catamite nature
To act like a hero?
Rustem drew his dagger,
Sam and Neriman came.³⁸

How long will the magician try
To turn ropes and sticks into snakes?
Moses and the dragon came.

There was no cure for Job's suffering,
For the poverty of Jacob.
God's compassion came.

When Faith's police come to the city,
What can a thief do?
But what are the police when the Sultan comes?

See the truth without double faces.
Watch union without separation.
Look at this clamor, this magnificence.
Believe me, He came.

Müfteilün fâilât killed me.
The soul who used to call God is dead.
The soul who knows God came.



34.

Verse 381

Winter has died.

The severe cold is over.

It's time for spring.

The coyness of the rose garden

Has come like beauties.

The troubles of gloomy cold are over.

The Time has come for the red rose branch

To bloom with roses.

The garden and meadow

Have lost their belongings because of winter,

They beg for God's help.

God's favor has reached us.

The time comes for friends to have glory.

Our Sun has entered the sign of the Ram.

Spring that gives alms

Came by counting silver money.

It's time for the embracing of love and beloved,

The one who desires and the one who is desired,

Just the way of the beautiful rose.

They were thrown into the dungeon like debtors.

The goldsmith rescued them, paying their debts.

All the valleys and plains are full
Of flowers and crops.
The time has passed to be afraid of Mongols.
The musk of the land of the Mongols
Came and scattered.

Whatever died last year
Came back to life because of spring,
Jumped out of the grave.
The hunted lion came, hunters and prey came.

That sweet-faced rose, thanks to God,
Our drunk nightingale
Came and woke up the ones who have hangovers.

The time for joy, time for drink came.
Fill the glasses.
Sleep is forbidden now.
The source of cheers and music were born.
The one who crushes grapes came.

My glass is inside of me.
My wine is a wave of blood.
The cupbearer of beautiful faces
Comes from Soul's road.



35.

Verse 392

I yelled, "Where is that drunk heart going?"
The Sultan of Sultans said,
"Be silent, he is coming to our side."

I said, "You are with me,
You breathe inside of me,
Yet, where outside
Is my bewildered heart going?"

"What you call heart is our property,
Our possession, our Rustem," he said,
"He is going to fight for the wrong image."

"Wherever he goes, destiny goes in that direction.
Leave him alone, let him go."

Sometimes he plunges into the treasure of earth
Like the sun and disappears in the West.
Sometimes he ascends to the sky
Like the praying of the Prophet.

Sometimes he gives the milk of kindness
From the breast of the clouds.
Sometimes he goes to Soul's rose garden
Like the morning breeze.

Follow the footsteps of Heart and watch how
Grass and flowers grow and rivers flow.

The One who gives form and shape to this earth
Has no shape and no form.
He is everybody's hands and feet,
But He walks without hands and feet.

Even if He does wrong,
Still it is the right of rights.
Even if He goes to cruelty,
That is the best of loyalty.

Heart resembles a window.
The house has light because of that.
Body goes toward nothing,
But heart goes toward immortality.

Heart goes alone, but instigates much,
Sheds the blood of Sultans.
He merges with everyone.

He created the spell of God
That appeared on everyone's heart.
He stole the purse of Gemini.
Heart is going like the star of Ursa Major.

It is stupid to protect the purse
Against you, O Heart.
Purse has gone from the hand.
Soul is going after the one who grabbed the purse.

"You are a sorcerer," I said.
He laughed and replied,
"Magic doesn't work when God is mentioned."

“Yes,” I said, “Your spell is God’s spell.
That beautiful spell works
Through fate and destiny.”

The Beloved has a constant affair with the heart.
It is not even hidden.
Look at it.
It is right here, passing in front of you.

This is the horse of the water carrier.
This is the sound of “Come in.”
He keeps calling outside,
“The water carrier’s horse is going.”



36.

Verse 409

My Venus goes differently in the sky.
He goes like a glance in the eyes and heart.

His eyes, which resemble Mars, are drunk
Because of its history.
Soul is flying toward the trench like an arrow.

His eyebrows that resemble the sign of Virgo
Are unaware of his moon.
If he knew it, he wouldn't go above the Moon.

You are the Sun.
Everything comes to you,
Making their head like feet.
Since that is the fact,
Why do particles ride on the globe of air?

That Saturn acts superior because of his stupidity.
He doesn't know that even the sky
Became upside down, then able to go.

Heart has seen his face that resembles the morning
Through his night-like hair.
Because of that,
Day and night go secretly, like early dawn.

The Turk of sky has put the sign of Taurus' harness
On the two wheeled ox-cart,
Then yelled to the earth, "I am going to campaign."

Sky has started mourning
Because of divine judgment, dressed in black,
But it doesn't have the slightest understanding
That fate is the One who makes it turn.

Thunder gives good news to the earth,
Whose lips are chapped because of the drought
Of the cloud which resembles the water carrier's bag.

O one, who hasn't found the whole truth,
Know this well.
Star, cloud, sky, genie, Satan and angels
All work hard for the goodness of men.

Remove the cotton from your ears.
Don't close your eyes, your mind.
That well-dressed beauty is going to show herself.

They play the ney, tambourine and harp for the ears.
The shape of earth goes for the eye who sees it.

Look for the sight that has no beginning
Of the beginning.
Otherwise this fiery gaze of yours
Flashes like a spark, then disappears.

Every species goes to their own.
It is enough to try.
The sultan goes to sultan, the donkey to donkey.

The green sapling exists
Only in the garden and meadows.
The dry branch turns into wood
And goes under the axe.

Keep drinking the water of meaning,
Like a green branch.
Thank God that that river of sugar
Is flowing on Love's garden.

Quit saying, "Do. Don't."
Look and see: Even if you say
To the horse of Self, "Don't go,"
It keeps going by limping.

Soul is going toward Tebriz
With the desire of Shemseddin.
Soul is a pearl.
It is going to that sea that is filled with pearls.



37.

Verse 427

Sounds of nightingales are coming
From the garden.
The garden is hidden,
But the smells of the roses are obvious.

The morning breeze comes from the beloved's hair,
And its effect is apparent.
But who has ever seen the morning breeze?

Jesus' breath is giving immortal life.
This immortal life rejuvenated
That dried worn-out life.

Divinely good news came to every lover.
The fire of heart is blazing,
The pot of desire is boiling, the meal is cooking.

Elest's light is openly reflected to all lovers.
Milk has been flowing from the breast of love
After this word of Elest.

Really, the doctor of content
Gave good news to lovers,
"Every moment there is a new soul's dress
For you," he said.

He gave good news with his eyes, like saying,
“There is a rope coming from
That peerless great One.
You will be freed from the bottom of the well.”
Then He made them fresh, brand new.

Shems of God and faith, who is praised by Tebriz,
Master of heart and soul became increasingly
Fortune and good luck to everyone.



38.

Verse 435

Don't be sorry for the things that have already gone.
Good or bad, it is all right.
Heart is a basket.
Don't fill it up with broken pieces.

The one who is modest doesn't go beyond his limit,
But he finds immortality beyond limit.

Open a box of gold.
Scatter it to the head of faith.
Be assured, your last box will be the grave.

Fill your grave with the gold of truth,
Not with the copper of lust, greed and envy.

If someone else gives this besides you,
You won't take it, you refuse.
If you give that, it will be refused.

Don't give counterfeit money.
Know that the client will be cheated.
Be afraid of the threat of,
"Woe to whom amasses wealth."³⁹

Page 255 of original Divan.

The things that are cheerful are trouble to your Self.
God said for the Self,
“We have created man to be in distress.”⁴⁰



39.

Verse 442

In order to cheer fate and good luck,
We come once more.
Luck opens the door to our face once more.

This world steals salve from our face once more.
His face is rejuvenated.
Evil eyes will stay away from him.

Love has searched, found intelligence
And tied him with His chain.
Reason has been kept crying, screaming
Because of Love's troubles and instigation.

Love's Mary,
Who has no beginning of the beginning,
Gave birth to that amazing Jesus.
After that, mind could not get any help.

They broke hundreds of full moons to pieces
And put them at this table.
When Heart saw such a table,
He stepped on the blood.

Fate and prosperity are temporary.
When your sight shines,
The ones who fall in love with these temporary
things Find immortality.

O God's Shems, praise of Tebriz,
Even the trace of you is beautiful.
O Sultan of the world,
Earth shouldn't be deprived of your face.



40.

Verse 449

Since you don't have anything to do with anyone,
Don't make trouble,
Don't snatch and run away with heart.
But if you do, don't send him back
From your door.

When your eyes stop someone on the road,
Become a guide to the lost one,
Show him the way.
When your hair takes the way,
Don't be fooled by the charms of that Indian.

Love is a rose garden.
Settle down, grow there.
The garden of my heart has been filled
By the fruits of the tree of Absence.

All fruits are ripened, sweetened
By the effect of the sun.
Take my sleep away.
Take my eating, drinking away
So that I will reach that sun.

The nature of this world is old.
The one who is fond of this world
Is a toiler for old rubbish.
Love is new, love is fresh.
The one who longs for love
Is even fresher than that.

Love flows from river to river,
Is carried to His ocean.
The one who buys old things goes
From one neighbor to the other,
Asking, "Who has old shoes?"⁴¹

Everybody chooses their own friends.
The unlucky one became a friend of Saturn.
The Sun chose the moon.

Heart is not from these banal people,
Has no peace, no relation with anybody.
You have the heart of Kalender,⁴²
But Kalender doesn't belong to the human species.

Body comes from sperm.
Water runs down stream.
But the essence of heart is from fire,
It ascends to the sky.

There is a pearl beyond body and heart in you.
You have no idea about that pearl,
But there will be a time when you get the news.



41.

Verse 459

Your face resembles the moon.
Your heart is like stone.
Your soul is the soul of immortality.
Your beauty is the light of the eyes.

Your enemy is like the donkey's tail
In talent and skill.⁴³
Why should you run after him?
Since it's not getting bigger, let it go.

I swear, the one who runs, panting heavily,⁴⁴
Makes sparks with their nails.
Everything else exists or doesn't exist.
Everything is in my eyes like rain clouds.
I cry and cry when I don't see you.

The one who is not a lover deserves to be pickled.
Sugar is for halva, vinegar for Kebre Otu.⁴⁵

When I am separated from you,
O beautiful, to whom my life would be sacrificed,
I keep trembling in your air.
Anyone who has kindness and compassion
Besides you is deceitful and tricky.

Since you have nothing to do with anyone,
Don't instigate trouble,
Don't snatch and carry away heart.
But once you take heart,
Don't send him back from your door

When your gaze stops someone,
Your eyes become a guide to the lost one,
Show him the way.
When your hair takes the way,
Don't be fooled by the charms of that Indian.

Love is a heart catcher.
The development of friends is by love.
He makes your soul green like trees,
Decorated by flowers.

Love is beautiful, fresh.
The one who looks for it is even more tender.
Every shape in this world is old.
The one who loves this world is a cobbler.

Lovers flow from river to river toward the sea.
The old rubbish buyer searches for rubbish
And yells to neighbors, "Who has old shoes?"



42.

Verse 469

Don't lose edges; I am your four-winged arrow.
Don't turn your face from me.
I am one-hearted, not two-headed.

Yours is to hit the sharp sword.
Mine is hundreds of acceptances, contentions.
I have one word like *fate* and *destiny*.
I say neither the word *if* nor *but*.

If you draw Zulfakaar⁴⁶ and stand over me.
I dig my feet in the ground. I don't move.
I neither fly like the wind,
Nor extinguish like a spark.

I gave my life to that sword
And never said, "It was a pity."
God turned me into a shield
In order to be armed by a sword.

Hit the sword, O Sun, cut the head of night.
The darkness of evening
Comes from the oven of muddy earth.

The source of patience is body,
The source of gratitude is soul.
Smiles come from the lung,
Pity from the liver.

My Sultan comes and sits on my head like a Kulah,⁴⁷
Makes my head the place of your throne.
I embrace you tightly, make me your kaftan.

Someone asked, "Where do love's
Hands and feet come from?"
Everybody's hands and feet come from Love.
Everybody gives, gets and walks with love.

Didn't your father and mother
Have a moment of love's game?
They got together.
That's why someone like you
Came to existence in this world.

Love doesn't have hands,
But he arranged your hands.
Don't see love as headless and handleless.
Look at it differently.

The color of all faces, the water of all rivers
Is God's Shems, who is the praise of Tebriz.



43.

Verse 480

My sweet lips are worth
Treasures of pearls and jewels," he said.
"Ah," I said, "I don't have pearls and jewels."
"If you don't have them," he answered,
"Go and buy them."

Set a trap for my pearls,
If it doesn't work, go borrow some.
O lover who doesn't have gold and silver,
You are lost on the way to the house.

Since you came to gamble,
Put the purse full of gold in front.
If you don't have a purse, stay off the table.
Don't bother us, don't give us any trouble.

We are the bandits on the road.
We are the ones who tear dresses.
If you belong to us, come in.
Break the jar, bottoms up on the glasses.

We destroy everybody's net and trap.
We take everyone's money and possessions.
Out of contrariness, to every blind and deaf one,
We are pleasant and beautiful.

There are some who buy dresses, others tear them.
The one who tears dresses
Pulls the mustache of others.

In order to change the body and hair to soul,
Soul's Moses pulls the mustache of body's Pharoah.

In order to go the way of lovers,
One must have a pale face.
The tear of love is a pearl,
Love's satin is the blood of heart.

What is the value of the pale face
That has turned to gold?
Say it is the Beloved's ruby lips.
What is the value of tears which resemble pearls?
Say it is honored by that look.

We are slaves and servants of that cupbearer.
We are immortal, permanent to eternity.
Our universe lasts forever,
Yet, the ones in this world come and go.

Whoever was born will die,
He will give his life to the angel of death.
But love was never born from anyone,
There is no father for love.

If you don't belong on this side,
Stay on the back side.
If you are not in back,
Come to the front like a shield.

Come to the front like a shield,
Without knowing anything.
The ones who are aware of everything
Have lost themselves by the look of the Beloved.
Now they are not aware of anything.



44.

Verse 493

When the Sun shone, earth turned into a drunk.
Everything, everyone started to dance
In front of the Beloved, like particles.

The Sultan sat on his throne.
Love pawned all its wealth and possessions.
Every tree started dancing,
Every maple started clapping its hands.

Every road, every canyon
Became drunk from His glass.
The soul of cold winter warmed;
Fire in the soul turned cold.

Soul has heard the good news that tore its curtain.
Ahmed's flag has arrived, blasphemy started to cry.

The bird of prosperity yelled,
"Whoever has our love should go away,
So his heart won't be hurt."

My heart said to him,
"O beautiful who has such a stern disposition,
How could anyone,
Who became prey for compassion, be freed.

Love has rained like a big cloud on this and that.
Part of earth turned into saffron,
The other parts into a tulip garden.

With the nutrient of sperm-like milk,
After a while,
Some were born black as tar,
Others, as white as snow.

The one who denied the Sultan
Was born blind, without knowledge.
He would stay blind, never see our Sultan,
Shemseddin,
Who is the praise of Tebriz.



45.

Verse 502

There is an envoy coming with every breath
 From the Sultan,
 With the cheer of Beloved's union,
 With the glass of the Sultan.

Akl-i Kul⁴⁸ is clapping its hands.
 Part and whole are dancing.
 The cypress and rose
 Are both prostrating in the garden.

The sea has been raised in one breath.
 The Mountain is dressed with ruby.
 Noah was exalted with that.
 Soul has been shamed by this.

O reason that sees distance,
 Look at the cupbearer who resembles an houri.⁴⁹
 O restless soul, heart, watch the wine of Mansur.

Happiness and good news are all yours.
 Hear the words, here and there:
 As long as you choose yourself,
 Your fate plunges in peace with peace.

Page 256 of original Divan.

**Tear the curtain of sky.
Eat the blessings of heaven.
Scatter water, cool off your lungs.
Take an houri in your arms.**

**When she comes to your arms,
Anything that has been a dream
Becomes reality to the master of ecstasy.**



46.

Verse 509

The nicest curtain is the one where
A shadow was cast by that beauty
Whose face resembles the sun.

He rises like the sun.
Particles become restless.
For goodness sake,
Don't keep that spring-like face behind the curtain.

Get up, today is our day.
Today is a day which shines
And enlightens our hearts.
Love is so fiery, so flashy, just to burn us.

Get up, we are freed, untied, break the bonds.
We are plunged in drunkenness
That has no hangover.
We became drunk today.

Get up, Soul came, the Universe came.
O heart, submit yourself.
He came by, clapping his hands.

The fountain of life came.
The day of salvation came.
Sugar came.
Honey came.
That Beauty who scattered sugar and honey came.

I am a slave, a servant to that curtain.
I pretended I was deaf.
I wanted to have a doorkeeper
Put his mouth to my ear.

When he saw my trick,
He did his own to me,
“You little devil,” he said, and bit my ear.

This ill-mannered one is very good,
Because he is forced to fight.
I won’t stay away from the Beloved
Because of his fight and struggles.

In any case, this life is your fight
Because it has no constancy.
Your fight is the sweetest of the sweet,
Your peace is no good.



47.

Verse 519

Don't count the life
That has passed without love.
Love is a Fountain of Life;
Accept it wholeheartedly.

Accept everybody as a fish out of water,
Except those lovers.
Even if he is a master,
Accept him as dead, decayed, scattered.

When Love opens its bale,
Every tree becomes green.
Fresh leaves come from every old branch.

The one who becomes prey to Love
Cannot be game for death.
The one who takes the moon as a shield
Won't get arrow's wound.

You buy His troubles like bales of sugar cane.
Fall in love with Him.
If you don't, you turn into vinegar, drop dead.

All clean souls become captive to the ground.
Love scatters gold to free the prisoners.

O one in whose basket nobody will put bread,
O poor, O destitute,
Still look for bread in the bottom of your basket.

Be agile, be brave.
God will give you hundreds of garments.
Look, black soil has turned to gold.
Dark black blood has turned into milk.

God and faith's Shems,
Who is praised by Tebriz,
Freed the feet of heart from this tar and mud.



48.

Verse 528

I saw him at the corner.
He was going rapidly.
“For God’s sake,” I said, “go slowly.”

O one who resembles the moon,
Slow down for one moment.
Hold your horse’s reins.
O charmer who appears like the sun,
Don’t deprive us of your shade.

He said, “I am Sun,
You cannot stand me once I shine, illuminate you.
Nothing will be left of you.”

Because you have acquired
Only mere wealth and possessions,
During this cold journey,
Your lips have become dried,
Your eyes have become wet
Because of dryness and wetness.

Yet, my sign is on the other side
Beyond dryness and wetness.
It is a strange pearl
That is full of exaltation and instigation.

You have torn your sleeve, your collar
Behind so many covers.
You have lost your hands and feet
Behind the curtain.

Go to Tebriz, the place
Where Taroz's⁵⁰ candle stays.
Go to God's Shems
So that you will be beautified, adorned.



49.

Verse 536

○ Cupbearer of saints
Get up, get up; I became soul.
Get up, so people see the clamor
Of the day of resurrection.

Last night, the Beloved called me,
Looked me all over.
No blood was left in my body.
Pour the grape's heart-blood to me.

I am an enemy of the soul, the heart.
I live without soul, heart.
My essence has become prey to the Sultan.
I pretend that I am running away.

O sorrow, O grief, go away.
There is wine here.
I sit at the bottom of the jar.
Once the lion roars,
You go urinate blood like a horse.

I would be a martyr to you
In every breath, like Circis.⁵¹
It is for us to put the head down,
For you to keep cutting with a sharp sword.

I am thirsty, very thirsty, more so than sand.
Never mind a pitcher, a jug.
Even Soul's cupbearer won't do.
He tries to battle us with his worthless lungs.

I have left my lungs since I drank my heart's wine.
When I was put into the grave,
You left this glass as a dowry with me.

O my Beauty, never mind a glass;
Bring a big drinking bowl.
My smallest bowl is a big jug,
What can I do with the skimmer?

O God's faith's Shems,
Rise, reflect on me and the people in Tebriz.
That note of Hicaz⁵² would be
Burned out with the heat of July.



50.

Verse 545

Put your hand on my heart.
Don't ask of the sorrow of the Beloved.
Look at my eyes.
Don't ask of wine and saġrak.⁵³

See the blood flowing
From the heart of the believer.
Don't ask of the reproach,
The cruelty of that infidel hair.

See the tuġra⁵⁴ of the Sultan on my pale face,
Read the writing completely.
Don't ask the goldsmith.⁵⁵

Love set an army,
Came and conquered the land of Soul.
Ask of my situation from love, not from me.
I am in difficult times.

The heart of the lover
Flutters like a bird's heart.
Don't ask of me anything
Besides these half-covered words.

What could a bird do to fly from the window?
If you are a bird, come and fly.
Don't ask the door.

The father of the lover is His love.
It's the same for the mother.
Don't talk too much about father.
Don't mention mother.

The heart of the lover resembles an oven.
When you come to the oven,
Don't ask for anything else.

If the bird of your heart
Is in love with this fire,
It is all right if his wing has burned.
Don't ask for the arm, the wing.

If you and the Beloved have unified,
Become one head, then don't take a wrong step.
Don't ask that head.

Human eyes and ears are filled with dirt.
Don't ask that beautiful pearl
Of the eyes that are stuck in mud.

If you wash, clean your eyes
With the blood of heart,
The assembly of the Sultan becomes yours.
Don't ask of anything but red wine there.

Go to Tebriz in order to give thanks for that.
While there is love of God's Shems,
Don't ask it of wine and sugar.



51.

Verse 558

The Beloved came drunk from the garden.
O ones who repented last night,
Repentance has gone with the torrent.

I am a lover of a hundred years.
Where is repentance, where am I?
Beloved broke my hundred-year repentance,
Destroyed it last night.

The wine that had been in solitude
Became drunk in the heart of the jar,
Overflowed, left the solitude,
Broke repentance and jumped out.

An uproar was raised in the neighborhood.
Mind started yelling, "Help!"
Last night the hands of mind's reckoners were tied.



52.

Verse 562

My drunkenness of today doesn't
Resemble the one last night.
If you don't believe me, have a glass, drink it.

I am immersed in wine.
The torrent washed out my mind.
I can't come back to myself anymore.

The mind and senses all became insane,
Couldn't fit in the worlds.
Because the jar turned crazy,
Exaltation went beyond.

My crazy heart broke its ties and jumped.
Don't ever say, "Be silent."
Don't run around the insane.

At early dawn the guard called me from the stairs
And said, "Last night I heard an uproar
In the seven layers of sky."

Saturn said to Venus,
"Strike your plectrum gently,"
And the sign of Leo said to grab
The horn of Taurus and put it on your shoulder.

Milk from the breast of the oxen
Turned into blood because of his majesty.
Pay attention, watch the lion of the firmament
Changed into a mouse because of his fear.

O peerless lion, how long will you
Flee like a dog?
Be strong for a little bit.
O moon-faced one, how long
Will you cover your face and be playful?

Open your eyes and see the light
That shines in six directions.
O one whose eyes became ears, listen to the sky.

Hear the greeting of Soul that he saved
From indulging with form.
See the shape of the word *be*.
Be free from plunging into shapes.

“O Hodja,” I said, “go away.
Whatever you are, I am pure and clean,
But a slave and servant
To the one who sells sedimented wine.”

Page 257 of original Divan.

Your fear and hope can only deal with reason.
The trap of your oath can only catch wild birds.

Since the one who sells the wine of his trouble
Takes me under his protection,
I am freed from all of this.
Those are your works, don't mention them to me.
You keep working.



53.

Verse 575

If he cuts my neck,
My head will fall, prostrate.
A lion drinks my blood.
I enjoy that.

O hunting lion, don't take your paw off me.
Leave it there.
That's a million times better.

The one who eats cooked meat;
That's what he eats.
Yet, the Beloved's love eats raw meat;
That's what I am,
The kind of raw meat that can never be cooked.

You're beating the drum, saying, "You talk."
I am like a drum hanging on your neck.
You are beating me like a drum.

Love constantly pulls the ears of lovers.
Your love is your David.
Iron turns into wax in front of him.

Heart has spent all its wealth
And belongings on gambling.
When it ends up empty and naked,
At that time, new wealth and possessions
Are given to it from His cellar.

Heart is full of words,
Wants to fly, but the spark of maturity
Makes it mute like that.



54.

Verse 582

The doctor has entered his patient's door again.
At last, has put his hand on the head of the lover
Who has been separated from himself.

Again, that beauty went to that doctor,
Drank his sherbet,
Satisfied his lungs with that sherbet.

When he drank His sherbet he passed out.
Now, the One who looks and sees
And the one who is looked at and seen
Are both the cupbearer of Union.

There is no bitterness in His sweet sherbet.
Even if there is, I am content.
The one who eats honey
Shouldn't complain about the bee's sting.

Why this long-lasting night of separation?
I'll tell you why.
That Sun became the instigator
For His covered face.

It is a blessing that every Beauty
Is not aware of his eyes, his face, his beauty.
If he were, he would hide his open face
With a cover.

You are in love with your own beauty,
But you are hidden from yourself.
Why don't you wear the dress of Union
On your naked body?

Thank God that Love's Sun
Has entered the sign of the Ram.
That's how He scatters the nutritious
Light of His warmth to hearts and souls.

Thank God that Moses has been saved
From the worshipers of the Pharoah,
So he can go to the place of Union on time.
He will ascend his own Mount Sinai.

Soul's Jesus came, blew on Azer,⁵⁶
And Azer came to life with that spell,
Arose from his grave.

Solomon came again.
All the djinns and fairies had gathered.
Solomon showed his ring, his decree to them.

O cupbearer, if you want me to finish,
Offer a wine which causes talking to my dry lips.



55.

Verse 594

○ Hodja, why do you frown on us?
Go away from this land of sugar.
Is there anyone who has a sour face here?

Even sugar is bashful in Heart's sugarland.
Where did you come from with this sour face?

Those parrots are eating sugar in the sky.
Why don't you fly to the sky?
Why do you frown?
Why do you deny heaven?

When Rustem of thought's square
Meets with virgin brides,
He doesn't make a sour face.

The one who drinks wine at early dawn
Hunts lion in the morning.
But the one who drinks buttermilk
Has a sour face today as well as tomorrow.

Believers, belief, religion are all sweet.
Where have you seen a plate of halva that is sour?

The reason for this sourness
Has gathered together in you.
Everything is attracted to its own,
So sourness runs to sourness, merging together.
Whoever looks sour

Is the one who stays away from fire.
The unripe grape which stays in the shade
Is completely sour.

You promised by heart.
Keep your promise.
Don't pretend to be a lion with problems.
When a challenge comes, don't frown.

Look at Mustafa. He frowned one moment
So God almost scolded him.⁵⁷

Be silent.
Don't slander.
He is not sour-faced,
But the ones who know
Frown from time to time.

He was created by sugar.
His heart is full of sugar.
But, when he trains the children,
Lala⁵⁸ sometimes makes a sour face.



56.

Verse 606

○ Hodja, you understood the Beloved's
Disposition all wrong.
You have a misconception,
A bad idea about His work.

You have fallen in the fancies of rose faces,
Become involved in vain, useless affairs.
O dear, wouldn't it be nice
If you saw your own face,
The one that resembles the pomegranate's flower?

The one who tries to stop you on your way
In order to make you limp with fear
Calls life, death.

Give your ear so I can put on an earring,
Because after I put on this earring,
I'll become full of words and speeches.

Come to me. I am nice, beautiful,
I will embrace you,
Because whatever I have comes from you.



57.

Verse 611

We arrived at our Sultan's door
And set up a tent there again.
We opened the arms and wings of Soul again.

Happiness came and pulled our shirt again.
We set our tent in the sky again.

The face of Satan and the fairy both
Have reached greatness because of us.
The Hoopoe of Soul
Has returned to his Solomon again.

The Cupbearer of our drunks
Became our land of sugar.
Soul's Cupbearer untied and scattered
Black curly hair again.

The Beloved asked me yesterday,
"How are you in the affairs of this world?
How could he be the one who has seen
Your smiling face and glory?"

I have found on the bottom of my teeth
This sugar that Egypt has never seen.

We are the renowned, without gold and command.
We are great without people, without company.
We keep eating sugar in our sugar cane field.

You are peerless gold.
No one could be your buyer.
You are only good for that goldsmith.
Go to your mine.

The cycle of moon shortens lives.
Yet, our Beloved adds long life to his own cycle.

Heart went to Tebriz with the desire of Shemseddin.
Go down deep in your own country,
Look for gold, O Heart.



58.

Verse 621

We are happy with Solomon,
Deny the existence of camel and fairies.
Your beauty went beyond that.
It doesn't matter if you don't have
Coyness and coquetry.

O my wealth, my possessions, O my everything,
This heart of mine points to you.
My golden Soul is enough for me.
It doesn't matter if I don't have a golden seal.

What kind of fire is that love
That attracts everyone's heart?
It is so nice to be a slave to that.
If I have no wealth, no sovereignty, who cares?

Get me away from work and occupation
For one purpose.
Make my lips completely dry.
It doesn't matter if there is no moisture on them.

My Soul became the source of love with love's glass.
It doesn't matter if the friends of God's people
Are neither men nor women.

Your shadow will hold my hand
In front as well as back.
The shadow of that sapling is enough.
It doesn't matter if it has no fruit.

Soul has been purified,
Beautified by Shems of Tebriz,
Made to be like China.
From now on, you don't give
Another curtain-opener.
That's all right.



59.

Verse 628

Yesterday, the Beloved came down the road
Like a drunk.
O penitent, the torrent
Washed out repentance yesterday.

Love beat the mind and crushed its head yesterday,
But also yesterday, our head
Reached the sky with the greatness of love.

A new fortune, a new glory appeared.
The world had destroyed its trap.
Thank God that the beautiful bird
Escaped from its cage.

The One who is not contained by seven skies,
The One who hides from angels
Appeared on this earth yesterday.

The One who hurt
The heart of the Archangel Gabriel
Had a wounded heart yesterday,
Like a bird that has broken its wing.

Yesterday, the Lover who has no feet, no hands
Tied the neck of mature mind
That has broken so many lion's necks.
The glass of sky didn't break

From the light of the Sun,
But, yesterday, was broken after it saw
The shadow of the One who has no shadow.

The Moon who has been after the Sun like a lover
Was hidden yesterday after a long separation.

The ones who cannot be reached
With intelligence or illusion
Because of their weakness
Came to the open after love touched their hand.

Everything imaginary becomes reality
At the day of Union.
Last night, many images of nothing
Turned into existence.

O Guide, be silent.
Your silence is to talk.
Your neck, your ears have been extended
Because of whispers last night.



60.

Verse 639

Page 258 of original Divan

You are the Kaabe⁵⁹ of Soul.
I keep making Tavaf⁶⁰ around you.
I am not so raving that I turn around ruins.

I don't have other work or talents besides that.
All my art is to whirl around
Like the sky, day and night.

Is there anything better
Than to prostrate in front of my Beautiful,
To turn around my charmer?
Who is more beautiful than the Beloved?

I took all my belongings to Pilgrimage.
I contemplated settling there.
Arabs took all my belongings.
Wandering overcame my desire to settle.

The thirsty sees nothing in his dream
But a pool, a water pitcher.
I am thirsty for Your union.
How can I help but turn around You?

When I prostrate, I will be free from Self.
When I start Tavaf, Kaabe becomes my intercessor.

The smart pilgrim keeps turning
Around Kaaba seven times
I am a crazy, insane pilgrim
I don't count my turns.

I asked the rose, "What is a thorn?
Get rid of it."
He said, "My rose face has turned
Around him so many times."

Air said to fire, "Smoke doesn't deserve you."
Fire answered, "Leave him alone.
Let him turn around my sparks."

Love praised me and said,
"He follows the dust of my face like a moon
With his head and face every night.
He makes Tawaf around that dust."

"He prostrates to the ground I step on,
Like the sky.
He turns around my hangover like a glass."

It is no wonder to run in front of the prey.
The amazing thing is
That my prey keeps turning around me.

Accept these four natures as the backs of porters,
Then don't come and turn around my nature
Like a coffin.

There is a smell of my Beloved
On the wind of this country.
Otherwise I wouldn't keep turning
Around such dark places.

I love to lose to him in gambling.
I love for him to come and pick up
All my belongings.
If I weren't like that, how could I keep
Turning around so I can gamble with him?

I am a great cypress:
I am beautiful in autumn;
I am beautiful in spring;
Beautiful all the time.
I am not like grass who needs and waits for spring.

Our army of jealousy is throwing
The arrows of fate in order to stop us
From turning around the castle.

O Sorrow, crush my existence,
Which resembles sun-dried brick, to dust,
So I'll keep turning around my horse-riding beauty.

Enough! Be silent like fish in the water.
Don't turn in the frying pan over my fire.



61.

Verse 658

I don't need wine.
I gave up both the sedimented one
And the clear, pure wine.
I am thirsty for my own blood.
Time for the battle cry.

Draw the sharp sword.
Cut the head off the envious,
So that head will keep turning around the body.

Pierce the mountain of universe.
Make a sea of our blood so the sand and earth
Will drink the drops of blood and be satisfied.

O One who knows my heart,
Go away, don't close my mouth.
My heart may split and blood gush out of it.

Don't worry about war.
Don't be scared.
You can't be a brave or a Sultan
When your hands are tied.

I will dive into fire,
Eat the morsels of fire.
In fact, how did they cut the umbilical cord
Of Soul, that resembles a match?

Fire is our son.
He is thirsty for us,
Has become our slave.
We may as well become one
So the differences between us will cease.

Why does his fire crackle and smoke?
His double colors have not been consumed.
As long as he stays wood, he will crackle naturally.

Even if it is half burned,
It is still coal.
His heart is thirsty, his face is black.
He wants union, he wants his wedding night.

Fire tells him, "Go away,
You are the darkest black,
I am the whitest white."
Wood says, "Yes, you are burned, I am not.
Stay like that."

As for coal, he has no face •
On this side or the other.
He became lonely in the dark between two friends.

Like a Moslem in a strange land,
He cannot associate with people
Nor find the way to the Sultan of Sultans.
He stayed to one side, unable to make up his mind.

Even if he is greater than the other birds,
Like a Phoenix,
He still can't fly to the sky.
He remains on Kafdagi.⁶¹

What did I say to you
That you have been bothered
With the restriction of bread,
Buried in grief?
You are hunched like *lam*.
Your heart is squeezed, like *Kaf*.⁶²

Bestir yourself, O one who looks for instigation.
Hit your jar to the stone. Break it.
I don't carry the water of the river.
I don't drink a handful of water from that.

I will give up being the water carrier.
I will plunge into the sea.
I will be free from struggle and separation.
I will not be aware of telling my own sin.

I will quit talking, become silent under the earth
Like clean, pure Soul.
Just like their bodies are the bride,
Earth is a cover for them.



62.

Verse 675

○ Sultan of the earth," I said in the early dawn,
"I swear to God that there is no one
Who matches you.
No one is your peer.

Your rank, your value cannot be comprehended.
You never change your promise.
O greatest of the Great Sultans,
Your door is never closed."

My body resembles a grain of mustard
To the one who astounds it, burns and fries it,
Causes it to tremble like an earthquake.
Who cannot pass out of himself after seeing you?

I reached the stage where I exist,
But the one who exists is not me.
Everything next to me, besides you, is nothing.
O generous Sultan,
Your opponent is deceived and stupid.

O my soul, who knows and understands the words,
The one who sees your face
Can ride the horse and checkmate everybody.



63.

Verse 680

The Phoenix of Love suddenly came
From Kafdag again.
Shouts and the humdrum of love
Are heard from the Soul again.

Love raised his head like an alligator
To crush the boat of mind in the sea of Love, again.

Absence opened its chest to clean souls,
Watched the clean heart of Love
Inside of Mount Sinai.

The Bird of the lover's heart
Opened newly grown wings
And found a large universe of love
In the chest's cage.

Wedding presents are scattered
To the friend's head with every breath
By the Beloved who adds souls to Soul,
Hearts to the heart of Love.

Mind is the one who was the instigator.
He retired to sit at the corner.
Look at how there are joys,
Plays of love everywhere.

Mind sees a fire and says,
"This is love, we are only cane."
But, Love sees the Soul's eye of Love.

Love made a great call with a low voice,
"O great heart, fly to the heights,
See the greatness of love."

Watch the Soul's eyes
Of the heart that has fallen in love,
The joys of clean souls
In the Sultan of Shems of Tebriz.



64.

Verse 689

The warmth of greatness
Has become a garden, a meadow,
A fountain of God's garden for those flighty
beauties.
Playfulness and thieving are permissible.

The one who knows the road
Can stage a hold-up on the road.
The one who understands beauty
Is able to enter the house, cheat and deceive.

Earthly people resemble the spider.
They keep catching wasps.
None of them ever get tired of this.

Who will see and find the thief
Who has hidden in the house?
The face that turned into saffron,
The tear that resembles pure, clear water.

Why do tears run?
To extinguish the fire.
Why do faces become a pale white?
To explain the situation.

The tears that flow on the cheeks of lovers
Keep telling you,
"Get up from the rank next to the door.
Go to the temple of Love."

The pale face is a mirror
Of the Beloved's rosy cheeks.
Tears write words and numbers
On the pages of eyes and face.

These beauties,
Attractions on the surface of black dirt,
Are the reflection of the light of the moon
That rose on the world of Absence.

Endure for a few days.
This spark will return to its origin
With its light and beauty.



65.⁶³

Verse 698

I take an oath on your life,
 O my only Beauty,
 O my only support who has no peer
 In the rank of maturity.
 I sink into trouble, I sink into grief.
 Get up. Come over.

O one who saves me from trouble,
 O my friend, my company,
 O my Beauty who became a moon to the assembly,
 Your face is the full moon,
 The friend of your mouth, permissible wine.

Your Soul is a sea of fidelity,
 Your color, the spark of separation.
 I swear by your life, O wisdom of greatness,
 If I weren't afraid, I would call you *God*.

You melt everyone in the universe with love
 So that their hearts become calm,
 The unseen becomes visible.
 You are such a beauty
 That even your spectre is elegant.

Their souls reach peace.
Their bodies become drunk.
You sit with them in an assembly
Where there is a big heavy Sagrok.⁶⁴



66.

Verse 703

If the sun doesn't set
On the tent of greatness,
How do day's birds fly in a circle?

Earth turned into a tulip garden
With the sight of the sun.
It would be the sin of sins to stay home
At a time like that.

Page 255 of original Divan.

The sun pulled his sword,
Shed the blood of the dawn.
Thousands of dawn's blood
Will be sacrificed to your face.
They are helal⁶⁵ to that face.

O Lover, open your eyes
And look at the sky of Soul.
His face is like the moon.
My stature is like a new moon.

Every breath has a glass of immortality.
I became a bottle because of His favor.
His jar keeps saying, "He is full to the rim."

Eyes were full of sleep.
“My Sultan, it is night,” I said.
“When my face is open,
Night is impossible,” he answered.

There is doubt if morning
Still has a touch of blue.
But in the middle of the day,
There is no room for gossip.

You also look at the face of Soul’s sun.
But look at it through my eyes,
See my interpretation, then see the beauty.

Sultan Shemseddin, the praise of Tebriz,
His form, his shape appear on his circle.
This is auspicious form.



67.

Verse 712

Your eyes start a new chapter
About the lesson of love.
It asks questions, gives answers
With every breath through my eyes,
Without words or sounds or gossip.

Sometimes it makes me slim,
Like the lips of my glass.
Sometimes it makes me fat
In order to enter into a sack.

I pull the lion's ear
When he takes me to the feast,
But when he hides his face,
I cry like a sad jackal.

When I look at form and design,
He says, "O one who worships idols."
If I wish for wealth and property, he pulls my ear.

I tell him, "O Sun, rise in every heart,
Brighten them."
All this universe is husband and wife
Of the small particle of Your glory.

O Sun, rise behind the mountain and the cloud
Explain the situation without words or sound
With one look.

Don't drain that clean water
From the lung of the barren salty land.
Don't keep the spark of Divine light
From that beauty.

When that moonlight, angel of that spiritual light,
Once appears, Soul turns into glory.
Mind becomes free from boundaries.

Since you drink His wine.
Why are you utterly confused?
You have seen the garden of His beauty.
Open your wings, fly again.

I have become drunk again.
I feel dizzy.
Don't talk about hands and feet.
If the rest of the words are necessary for you,
Go away tonight and come back in the daytime.



68.

Verse 722

When one dies, his enemy becomes his friend.
My enemy will be blind after my death.

That sugar cane's bed pulls me inside of sugar.
My soul, my heart will be a slave and servant
To this kind of death.

Worries of name and fame have fooled people
So that they call sweet life, death.

For that reason the Prophet said,
"Absence is treasure."
In order to fool ordinary people
He called the treasure *Nothingness*.

That's where the divine inspiration is hidden,
In the ruins, just like pure gold is buried
As treasure in dilapidated places.

"O Soul," I said, "look and see,
The stirrup of my heart is very loose."
He answered, "You don't run away from me
By reining in ignorance."

Don't run away, so you will have
Control of your destiny.
You will ride and control
The white horse of the firmament.

If you knew that death is eternal living,
You wouldn't be afraid,
Would always ask for that.

Be silent.
Close your lips
So you can chew sugar without a mouth.
Be annihilated from your existence,
So you will reach essence with Him.



69.

Verse 731

One whose lips are like wine,
Come close so we will all go crazy, insane.
O Pearl, come close so we will all become sea.

We all gather together hand-to-hand
To make a circle and run to the sea.

We will appear, grow at the coast of love's sea.
Hey, where is the rose garden?
We are always new and fresh.

We will come up like a fresh flame
From the lung of the rose garden.
In fact, with our fiery faces,
We are the origin of hundreds of lights .

Our pearl showed his face,
But from the other side of the sea.
Ah, you are on this side;
We are on the other side.

O unique rider,
Move the crown on your head in such a way
That we are the pearl for your crown,
The barley for your horse.

Whoever says, "We are one,"
We will hang him from the gallows,
But whoever says, "We are two,"
We will throw him on the fire.



70.

Verse 738

⓪ my Beauty who groans just to scare me!
O my Beauty who hides a sweet smile
Just to make me cry!

I haven't frowned,
Because you made me into sugar.
Body is the one who cries;
I belong to the pearl of Soul.

I walk into fire in order to rejuvenate,
To be cheered, to change into red-gold,
Because I am the gold of that mine.

If I see anybody but you in the heart of fire,
Kill me with stones; I deserve that.

I won't sit for a drink if you are not next to me.
I won't rise if I don't hold you up.

That heart of mine became a different person.
Look at me.
He kept kissing my head, my forehead.

"Well, O Heart, " I said, "what is this situation?
Aren't you entirely light?
Am I not a man of darkness?"

"If you are me, if I am you,
What is this confusion?
Why are you out of yourself?"
Heart smiled like a drunk, "I don't know," he said.

"Don't ask the impossible.
Tongue doesn't have the power to tell this.
I am the chapter of Kahf.⁶⁶
You read me in your sleep."

My shape, my form have fallen face down
On the ground in front of Heart.
"O my Divine Truth, you said it so nicely," he said.

Heart added, "This confusion is from the appearance
Of God's Shems, the praise of Tebriz.
I am annihilated in Him, anyway."



71.

Verse 749

You are coming our way.
You are a decent person.
We are also nice.
In appearance we look like fire,
But we are the Fountain of Life for you.

You are a small pigeon.
You were born in this nest.
If you don't come this way on your own,
We will pull you by force.

Be at our temple.
We are also at the temple of that Beauty,
Becoming drunk on His wine.
We drink wine from Him.

We stand at our place like a mountain,
But we flow like a torrent.
We keep silent like that,
But sometimes yell and scream like thunder.

Although we kill a person, like fate, for no reason,
You have Soul that resembles the sea.
Put it in your palm and come to us.

Our part of owning these five senses
Is only a short five days.
But there are the six dimensions.
We are a Sultan in each one of the six.

We are following the shrill pipe of love.
Our breath is sharp, our voice caresses the Soul,
Because we are playing the vessel of Soul,
Keep crying for you.

You set yourself about the matter of love.
If you are sincere, don't look for a bed and pillow.
We haven't been sick to get the mine,
So we would be in love with bed and pillow.

The light of the sky, the praise of Tebriz,
Is our Shemseddin.
Because of that sun, our insides
Turned out to be sky and our Self became moon.



72.

Verse 758

How long will you be going without news?
Look at the roof.
Never mind the roof, look at the sky.

It may happen suddenly,
There would be a grace of Moon, like Soul.
Hundreds of moons and suns
Are slave and servant to the face of that Moon.

Nine skies keep whirling by the air of His love.
Heart and Soul keep drinking
Glass after glass of His wine.

Once He appeared, reflected to the Soul,
That drinking of Soul's wine became permissible;
Eating, drinking and sleeping became forbidden.

Stupid world said, "O wind, what is new?"
"I don't have any news,
But a breath from fear," answered wind.



73.

Verse 763

We are your beggar.
Open the door O Beautiful,
Offer a breath of relief to the beggar,
O greatest of the great.

You are the One who grants mercy to earth.
You are universe to the universe.
Mouths keep smiling every moment
Because of Your kindness, Your favor.

You are the One who gives security to both worlds.
You are the essence of humans' humanity.
Look and see, right now soldiers
Come from the land of Ethiopia,
Challenged with the army.

When Your drum, Your lowest level of envoy arrives,
Every beggar becomes a Sultan with flag and drum.

In order to have our joy destroy every sorrow,
He sent aide's flag, an army of drunks.

When the decree of kindness comes to the beggar,
We will draw the sword of Arabs
And hit the heads of Turks.⁶⁷
We won't deign to accept the beauties.

Don't leave any room for fear.
Yell, for goodness sake,
Because drinking and fear cannot be together.

You boil love and bring melodies
From the heart of the harp,
Fill the ear with music, the stomach with wine.

Page 260 of original Divan

Soul arrives to his Tebriz,
To the time of Shems, clean and pure,
And announces, "I am the one who came."



74.

Verse 772

Tonight, take the Soul completely
From this poor body.
Take it out so I will have no name,
No fame in this world.

I am your drunk at this moment.
Give me one more cup, so both worlds
Will be abolished in my eyes,
So that's that.

If I am annihilated by Your favor,
I will become whatever you want.
I will pick up the glass of absence
And drink wine, glass after glass.

If Soul burns because of You,
It would light candles, enlighten the world.
Shine with Your divine light.
But the one who has not been burned by you
Is very raw, very immature.

Offer me the wine of Absence at this moment.
Once I am plunged into Absence,
I won't notice the house or the roof.

When the Absence that comes from You
Adds Souls to Soul,
Soul prostrates hundreds of times to You.
Thousands of existences become a slave, a servant
To the Absence which comes from You.

Free me from my existence.
Give me a cup of wine.
Wine is a blessing for higher people.
Mind belongs to the ordinary.

Make waves in Absence that snatch me,
Carry me off.
How long will I keep walking
On the shore of the sea with fear?

The trap of my Sultan, Shemseddin,
Hunted me at Tebriz.
Since I have been caught,
Why should I be afraid of the trap?



75.

Verse 781

Once more we came suddenly,
Dancing like particles,
Came suddenly by whirling from that love's sky.

We became brave at love's square.
Sometimes we rode our horse on this side,
Sometimes, that side.

If you are like that,
Love begs and praises you, which is all right.
But, we are above that.
We didn't come like that.

You are the head of the assembly.
The rest of them are also here and ready,
Go, bring that water which resembles fire.
We didn't come here to eat bread.

Thank God that we have lost life because of You,
Like the beggar who hurts himself
When he doesn't get that for which he begs.⁶⁸
But we have reached the new life right away.

O God's Shems, your love is thirsty for my blood.
For that reason I come right now
With my sword and my coffin.
Nothing will remedy the gloom of Tebriz but your charm.
That's why I came, O prose of earth, to your temple
Without the joy and pleasure of the present time.



76.

Verse 787

⊙ Moslems, people broke their chains again.
They became free from their chains.
Love has spread an uproar to the world again,
O Moslems.

The friendship of friends is an enemy to our soul.
The mother of the instigator became pregnant,
O Moslems.

A beauty, whose face
Is More beautiful than the Moon
Has become a bewitching charmer to the earth,
Burned Venus to ashes,
Set a torch on fire from our face,
O Moslems.

The trace of his mind is so auspicious
That it entered the period of penitence
In front of His presence.
In this penitence
He foams and ferments like wine,
O Moslems.

Love appeared.
Mind tore his sleeve, his collar.
New work is started for lovers,
O Moslems.

He talks about love,
Puts his seal on the Moon
And spends it like cash money,
Staging holdups at every corner for caravans,
O Moslems.

Night became day for us,
Because that beauty who enlightens our heart
Turned out to be the corn and wheat
That Adam tried,
O Moslems.

He was a pearl,
Was placed on the crown of Sultans by ignorance.
Now he's become a bell on the tail of oxen,
O Moslems.

Once we were crying,
Yelling because of separation and decline.
Now we are yelling because of pleasure and union.
Be assured, we have so many thanks
Lodged in our throats,
O Moslems.



77.

Verse 796

*A*t the end, you became drunk,
Came to the middle,
But you became drunk by yourself.
Who else exists in this world besides you?

At the end, the bird of fate is freed from the cage.
At the end, the arrow of desire
Is flung from the bow.

O my kind one, how long
Will we be beating your drum under the carpet?
O my love, my friend,
How long will we be hiding our drunkenness?

Again, a voice came from Elest;
It is too late, again.
The drunk is recognized
By the smell of his mouth.

Our nonsense talking
Yields the smell of our tavern.
Our wine is served to the hand
Of the Sultan of Sultans.

Every bit of earth became Soul, clean, pure Soul.
Don't call it muddy earth.
Call it the essence of the elixir
Which changes everything to gold.

You are the belt. We are the waist.
Or, you are the waist and we are the belt.
It doesn't matter, belt or waist,
As long as the one who is warmed by love's heat
Won't be deprived of you.

If you will steal,
Come in, steal heart's purse.
You sometimes accuse me of being a thief
And say, "I am the guard."

Sometimes You snatch the lamb of the poor,
Other times send the dog over to me by saying,
"Hey-hey," like the shepherd.

Nobody has ever seen anyone like you.
But, O my Soul, you are also "nobody."
There is no peer-sample for you in the world.
You are the water of fate, sprung from the earth.

Love is universe, but love is also
The Soul of universe.
The Beloved is secret,
But He is also the essence of secrets.

Your eyes told my eyes,
"How greedy you are. You eat our sugar
At the same time you are looking for a gift."

Every soul, every flesh in this universe
Is from Your earth.
You put them in somnolence with the desire
Of that Beauty whose trace doesn't appear.

After You shake the chains again,
They all become exuberant for the face of trial.

Don't call the heretic, the faithful.
Don't look for good and bad.
They are all ruined, passed out of themselves.
Cast your spell over them.

Is there anyone who is not Your drunk,
Doesn't worship Your coyness?
Is there anyone who is not the dice
Of the backgammon in Your hand?
Open Your hand of nobility.

Who is more solid than the mountain?
He even came to life when he saw You
And became famous in his time.



78.

Verse 813

Suddenly, a word came from my lips
 About the rose and the rose garden.
 That rose-cheeked one
 Came and slapped me on the mouth.

"I am the Sultan.
 I am the Soul of the rose garden," he said.
 "You are at the temple of someone like me
 And still looking for so and so.

"You are my tambourine.
 Come to your senses
 So you won't get hit by every no-good.
 You are my reed flute; put your mind in your head
 So you won't yell with everybody's breath.

"At the assembly of a Keykubad⁶⁹ like me
 From whom evil eyes stay away,
 Shame to the one who talks about ordinary people
 In front of a Sultan of Sultans like me."

The raven is the one
 Who looks for ruins in the garden.
 The one who remembers autumn in the springtime
 Is the crow.

Your hands reached me.
You are the harp in my lap.
The string that is hit by the plectrum
Becomes loose.
Why don't you loosen also?

You have seen the back of the word.
This time, see the front.
Turn your back on yourself.
Watch the face of earth.

O Moon behind the cloud,
What a pity that you haven't seen yourself.
How long will you be running behind the others
Like a shadow?

It is enough.
The trap of the poem tied my hands with tricks.
The prey jumped out of my hand,
Escaped to the forest.

I was after a thief. Another thief yelled.
I let the first one go free.
I went to the second and asked,
"Why are you yelling, what has happened?"

"That's his footstep.
Your thief went this way," he said.
That no-good tramp blew my thief to the wind.



79.

Verse 824

That troublemaker Beloved of mine
Came back again.
That obstinate Beloved of mine
Got himself ready to fight and struggle with me.

That peerless Beauty
Has bought my heart's kitchen from deeds.
He is breaking my dishes, my bowl, my skimmer.

The guest was too big.
That's why my house was demolished.
For sure, the sky can't pass through my door;
It doesn't fit in my basement.

Zeal tried to stop the guest from departing,
Said, "Don't go."
My cloud, which rains sugar,
Has covered early dawn's sky.

O indiscreet person
Who is tired of quarrels and disputes,
Don't look at my running;
Watch His pulling.

Thanks and favors to the One
Who created thanks and obligations,
Because my black horse is freed
From the hand of ungratefulness.

My face is freed from frowning,
My plate, from old lentil dishes.
At the end, my troubled, stained tears
Showed their effects.

What is the essence of all gardens,
Meadows, jokes and fun?
If you have a sharp mind, you'll understand:
It is the joke, the fun of my Beloved.

O real Hizir,⁷⁰ the ornament
On the side of my sleeve
Is the pearl of seas. It is Your gift.

Since the Beloved called me, waved his hand,
O my fast-footed heart,
Ride his horse to that side.

How long can I hide?
God's Shems has achieved spoils.
That master of mine shows his skills, his kindness.



80.

Verse 835

The Husrev of my Shirin⁷¹
 Abruptly came from the mountain again.
 My soul, my heart, my faith has recalled me again.

Page 261 of original Divan.

I have recited Surah Ya-seen⁷² by love
 And passion so many times,
 Because my Surah of Ya-seen was calling me.

When Leyla and Mecnun,⁷³ Vise and Ramin⁷⁴ come,
 The minds of wise ones will disappear.

When my Beloved who is harvesting words
 Starts a fight, we will fall in jealousy,
 Give our hearts to cruelty.

He doesn't allow peace and reconciliation
 Of the people.
 He will refresh my hate and yours
 With every breath.

He says, "O lover, don't have pity.
 Follow my rule, keep killing each other."

I repeat, "My God," again and again.
 I beg for His mercy.
 He neither hears my prayer nor my *Amen*.

He says, "You do your thing, I'll do Mine.
This has been My way
Since the beginning of the beginning.

My job is to hit you,
Yours is to keep yelling and crying.
I am Bairam,⁷⁵ your drum is a helpless buffoon
In the very existence of my hand."

I am fond of this cry.
I am in love with this disease,
Because if I become sick,
He will stay next to my bed.

My heart, my soul go to the king
Straight like a spirit.
My nature that resembles the Queen⁷⁶
Has a twisted walk, but goes nowhere.

My self-respect, my shame, my modesty
Go beyond that.
If you weren't my *these*,
You would see my *those*.

O unique rider, lift these curtains of talk.
The robber is taking away
Unbelievable amounts of money
From my saddle bags.



81.

Verse 848

⓪ Beautiful, whose smiling face is the essence
Of hundreds of rose gardens,
You are God's garden.
Come in. Give a thorn, get a rose.

Strip away the dress of flesh.
Watch the soul, naked.
What do you care for dresses?
The naked soul is better.

You are not mute at the temple of such souls.
Talk, although the story of the ney⁷⁷
Is addressed without tongue.
Soul's scream doesn't come out of the mouth.

The Beloved came today and said,
"Greetings to you."
Look for sky and earth in His breath
At that moment.

The Sultan of beauties asked for life
As a ransom from the beauties.
An uproar was raised from sky to moon
At that moment.

His ruby lips that would be away from your teeth
Have read love spells.
My Hodja, look and see his trace.

Love's informer came and whispered in my ear,
"The Beloved is among you,
He is elegant, He is secret."

The Beloved pulled the skirt of Heart.
He is taking away a corner
Which is beyond the seven levels of sky.

He says, "I am yours, but whoever talks about me,
Tries to describe my lips,
Hit him on the mouth with both your hands."

The one who talks about you
Took me and you both away.
But the one who talks about me
Stays away from both of us.



82.

Verse 858

○ silver-bodied Beauty, kiss yourself.
Don't look for yourself
In the city of Hutent⁷⁸ by mistake.

Even if you embrace
Some silver-bodied beauty like you,
Kiss your own lips if you need a kiss from Soul.

Whatever houris sew or knit
Are for you, for your beauties. The beauty
From every man and every woman's face
Comes from the reflection of your beauty.

O most Beautiful Beloved,
It is your hair that hides your beauty.
Otherwise, your lights would have reflected
On this world a long time ago.

The Chinese painter
Came near the beauties of Heart.
After seeing them, his hand and his heart
Were broken, his mouth remained open.

This cage that is full of designs and pictures
Is the curtain to the bird of heart.
But because of this cage,
You don't recognize the heart.

Heart lifts the curtain from Adam's soil
In such a way that angels are tried
By heart and soul and prostrate immediately.

Love's Turk would remove the barrier one moment
And come sit in front of Him, saying,
"O Celebi,⁷⁹ who are you?"

Eye would see Absence by the sight of Shemseddin.
The praise of Tebriz would look at you
From the corner of his eye.



83.

Verse 867

You are mistaken
About my Beloved's departure, my Hodja.
Hundreds of someone like you will lose themselves
When they see me, my work and my occupation.

Not every neck deserves the sword of love.
My blood-thirsty Lion won't drink the blood of dogs.

My endless sea won't carry the wood of every ship.
Your barren land won't become a green pasture
From my pearl-scattering cloud.

Don't shake your head like that.
Don't twist your nose like this.
How could a donkey like that reach my barley barn.

Hodja, come to your senses for once.
Open your eyes.
My more and less are not from your scale,
But you still pay attention.

He said, "How could a lover
Be shameless and become drunk?
Wine doesn't leave bashfulness in the man,
Especially if it comes from my tavernkeeper."

His tricks and cheating have instigated the wolf.
My deceitful hunter has made him
Trap and hunt himself, by himself.

Who is going to buy an old wolf from his bazaar?
There is a live Joseph on every corner of my bazaar.

A raven like you doesn't deserve
The Garden of Eden.
Even Soul's nightingale hasn't found
The way to my rose garden.

O God's faith, Shems, who is the praise of Tebriz,
Maybe all these words of mine are your voice.



84.

Verse 877

Be a dost,⁸⁰ see the dost,
 Become heart, watch the Beloved.
 Go after that walking cypress,
 Plunge into source, see the rose garden.

Be active, don't be lazy
 In the way of work and pleasure.
 You offer the cloth,
 See the attention of the merchant.

All our merchants are people
 Of great understanding, prophets.
 The Master of the caravan is my creator
 Who covers everybody's faults. Look and see.

Mahmud came to the room of Eyaz⁸¹ again.
 Choose love, be fascinated by love
 So that you can watch that great kingdom,
 The endless prosperity.

I am the ground on which Eyaz stands,
 Because he also acquired love as his habit.
 You also become love, look for love,
 So you will see that deceitful Beloved.

It is a proper road
 To give up this carik,⁸² that post.⁸³
 Make Him your Kible and see
 The rest of His favor, His compassion.

When you are in trouble, you notice the carik.
See yourself as tired and sick
Without being afflicted with any ailment.

You should know that our Carik is semen.
The blood inside of the mother's uterus is our skin.
Then, you watch the pearl of mind and sight
Through the awakened Sultan.

Put pearl in front of Him
So He will make you head of the village.
Give old, take brand new;
Give grain, look at a barn.

If you want to see the things on earth
That even the sky hasn't seen,
Don't look at yourself.
In one breath, watch the dress of sight
That He would be giving to you.

Donate these pearl-scattering words
To the One who gives these words.
Then watch the wittiness
Radiate every part of your existence.



85.

Verse 888

His face is flaming like a torch.
Who is at our door?
There are waves of blood everywhere.
Who is that in the middle of the night?

Even the dead are dancing in their shrouds.
Is this the trumpet of the day of judgment
Or the return of Jesus?

Open your chest and look
Through the window of heart.
A new fire is burning.
That is not the news from winter.

Look at this new fire, jump inside like Abraham.
In appearance it is fire,
But in reality, it is pure, clean wine.

Your auspicious Jonah is like a fish in your body.
Split your body and watch.
He is a body that resembles a fish.

Pawn your body's mantle for wine.
Be clean and pure.
It is time for cleanliness.

When Abraham puts his dagger to your neck,
Don't turn your face away.
This is a royal manifestation.

The edict has become invalid,
Fate is preparing dangers.
This is the mischief of judgment.
It is also a calamity for the judge.

If today your *Self* promises you tomorrow,
Close his mouth.
He is a man quick at repartee.

He sells wine,
But he blows all memories to the wind.
He shows the jar,
But doesn't give you the right bread and salt.

We brought the body's snow from the self's winter.
This is the secret world for the cross-eyed
To reach His grace and favor.

O God's Shems who is the praise of Tebriz,
Everything in these two worlds
Is a children's game in front of you.



86.

Verse 900

☪ Beauty, whose desire of His love
Captured the world!
This sky which became upside down
Is also love's drunk, as I am.

Page 262 of original Divan.

Keep tearing and sewing.
Be cooked, be burned.
Make my heart bleed,
Then wash my heart's blood with blood again.

Since it is coming from you,
Every wrong thing is right.
But, O my Beauty, tell the truth;
There is no time for foolishness.

After waiting so long,
The image of that Beauty came suddenly last night.
I was in a drunken sleep.
My God, how was it?
What happened?

He wanted to fly away toward the valley.
He has deceived me again, with words full of spells.

I said, "By God, it is not possible, don't do this."
If you are Persian, don't use the word *gone*.
If you are Arab, don't say *la yekun*.⁸⁴

What an amazing way you came
In the middle of the night.
Since you came to our arms, there is no way out.



87.

Verse 907

Don't stay like that.
Come in the house like this,
O my Beauty who enlightens the house,
Who shines everywhere!

You have drunk Soul's wine.
Your heart has been through this world.
Why are you angry?
What has happened?

Come, join the circle.
Open your face gracefully against all the beauties,
So we can prostrate to your face at Namaz.

O beautiful who talks so nicely,
Join the circle, dance.
For God's sake, love won't get worn out like that.

At the present,
Everyone who is at work
Becomes prey, a slave to our Beloved
Like that.



88.

Verse 912

Start a poem that tells about things already ready.
O Beauty whose face resembles the candle,
Get up, come to the front.

Give light to the candle with your cheeks
That resemble the candle.
Enliven this crowd with your cup
That resembles Soul.

Pick up the glass, make us all drunk,
Because the One who hasn't passed out of himself
Cannot be good.

When you are out of yourself,
Run away from this world quickly.
Mercy, put your mind in your head.
Don't turn your face back even once more.

Pull this arrow-like word to your ear.
If you don't pull, how will it come off the bow?
Enough, O reason.

Enough, O reason.
Enough, O thought.
With every breath they keep reminding you,
“What has happened to him.
Ah, what should I do about that one?”



89.

Verse 918

*L*ove again ran out from my door, my wall.
Again, my vindictive camel broke its ties,
Became loose.

Love's lion laid down his bloody paw once more.
My dog-heart felt thirsty for blood, again.

The time of pre-menstrual tension,
The time of craziness came.
Ah, my deep knowledge,
My broad talent hasn't helped at all.

Another instigator was born.
Another cemre⁸⁵ has fallen.
My awakened Beauty has tied my sleep again.

Sleep took my patience, water carried my mind.
The Beloved took my business,
My occupation away.
What will happen to me?
I don't know.

What is the Lover's chain?
I'll tell you.
The curly hair of the Beloved who caught my heart.

Rise, rise once more.
Rise so that the day of resurrection comes.
My exuberance this time is the source,
The essence of hundreds of resurrections.

If the rose garden has been burned
Like a lover's heart because of autumn,
Here there is the face of my rose garden.

Earth's garden has burned,
But my garden is illuminated
By the secret of garden and meadow.
Once burned, my secrets are in order, brightened.

The time has come for drink and pleasure,
O my imprisoned body.
The dress of health is offered,
O my sick heart.

O Master of the Tavern,
Pawn my mantle, my turban.
For gratitude, offer me wine.

What is the value of mantle or turban?
To pawn them is nothing
But the lowest kind of effort.
Soul and universe are only a small sip
Of the drink from my Sultan tavernkeeper.

I would complete the words,
Become free like the Iris,
But heart became jealous
And stopped my words on their way.

Thank God that Moon has customers everywhere.
The richness of my bazaar
Eliminates the need of a broker.

There is no need of gossip's uproar.
We don't need a broker.
My Ca'fer-i Tayyar is not the thief Ca'fer.⁸⁶



90.

Verse 933

Neither eyes nor heart have enough
Of seeing my Sultan, my Beauty.
You also don't have enough
Of my awakening heart.

The leather bags of the water carrier
Have filled with my lung's blood.
All my heart's desire is water.
All I have is the taste of water.

I break stone, rupture the water bag.
I go toward the sea.
There is no other way for me.

How long will earth be wet with my tears?
How long will the sky be burned
By the heat of my *Ah*, my *Alas*?

How long will my heart keep saying,
"O my heart, O my heart?"
How long will my mouth, my lips
Keep telling the secret of Sultan's Sultan?

Walk toward the sea
That has risen and has become rough.
Grab my tent, my belongings with every breath.

A beautiful wave rose from my house
In the middle of the night.
Suddenly, Joseph of Beauty fell in my well.

A torrent came from the face of a Beauty
And carried my harvest.
Smoke was raised from heart
And burned my straw.

I am not worried that my harvest has been burned.
The harvest of my moon-faced Beauty is enough
For a hundred times more people like me.

I don't have mind.
His knowledge is enough for me.
His face that resembles a candle
Is enough for me at my untimely evening.

Somebody said, "It is degrading.
You lose your status with that music,
With that turning."⁸⁷
I don't want status, my honor is both worlds.

My awakened Sultan, who is aware of everything,
Is taking words out of my head.
I keep saying after every verse, "That is the end."



91.

Verse 945

I haven't had enough of your smiling lips.
Thousands of bravos for your lips, your teeth.

O son, have you seen anyone
Who has had enough of his soul?
You are my soul.
My soul and yours are the same.

I am thirsty.
I keep drinking.
I haven't had enough.
My life, my death are all from water.
Turn, I am a slave, a servant to your turning.

You are offering me a gift.
Offer yourself entirely so that
I will pull my head out through your shirt.

Both my hands have been tied,
Have stayed out of work,
But they are already yours.
Without your breath, your story,
What is the use of hands?

Your love told me, "O brave man,
Come to our home so that no burglar
Will trouble your house, your tent."

I answered, "O auspicious one, in order
To prevent hurting the feelings of your guard,
I became a doorknob to this door.

He said, "You are on the door
And, at the same time, in my arms.
Outside is yours, inside is yours.
Two motherlands are your place, belong to you.

Be silent.
Don't read anymore.
This table, this banquet is enough.
The Greek will eat from your table
Until the day of resurrection.
So will the Turk.



92.

Verse 954

O musician of moonlight,
Come, tell what you heard.
We are all your confidant.
Whatever you have seen,
Tell us, one by one.

O our Shah, our Sultan, O our world of pleasure!
What did you find inside our soul?
Tell us.

O narcissus eyes,
God would become a friend to them.
God save him.
What did you harvest from His rose garden?
Tell us.

O one who escaped from my hand
Like my drunken heart,
O one who knows everything,
What did you choose?
Tell us.

Bairam⁸⁸ comes and goes,
But your bairam stays forever.
How could you be freed
From fate which helps no one?
Tell us.

O sugar, I have been drawn into Soul's sugarcane bed.
Have you ever had a taste of this sugar land?
Tell us.

Wine is pulling me to the left, heart to the right.
It is nice to pull one another.
Where have you been pulled?
Tell us.

You have filled the glass with wine.
You have caused lots of mischief
Since you are the key of the tavern.
Tell us.

The exuberance of our tavern,
The divine light of our prayers is beautiful.
Are you the one who tore
Our curtain of desire and longing?
Tell us.

The moon goes behind the clouds and disappears.
O Moon, who is free from clouds?
Tell us.

Your shadow would be permanent.
Your moon would keep shining,
Fate would become your slave, your servant.
Why are you scared?
Tell us.

Love asked me yesterday,
“How did you fall in love with me?”
“Never mind,” I said, “don’t do spinning with *how*.
Why tells me what you are knitting.”

I used to be a man, was struggling with Self.
I was wise, devout.
O devoutness, O piety, how did you fly like a bird?
Tell us.



93.

Verse 967

Page 263 of original Divan

When you come to the garden with your face
That resembles the flower of the pomegranate,
Fire falls in the heart of the rose and burns.

The smoke in the heart of the tulip
Is from your soul-colored fire.
The back of the violet
Is bent from carrying your weight.

Soul is a bud in the rose garden.
When he sees your face,
Desire for Your thorn falls into his heart.
He opens his eyes beautifully.

The iris drew its sword,
Shed the blood of the jasmine.
Who gave the sword to the iris?
Your blood-thirsty, narcissus eyes.

All this greenery was dried like the devout.
They turned into green
From your tavernkeeper's lips.
They became drunk.

I asked of love's drunkenness,
"Aren't you my Beloved?"
Otherwise, who has seen your Beloved
But a cross-eyed one?

There is the writing in my heart,
"Am I not your God?"⁸⁹
Don't deny that writing,
Here is your writing; here is your confession.

The one who goes to your salt mine,
Like pastorma,⁹⁰
Loses his meat, his skin.

Heart has grabbed your skirt.
Body holds on to heart's skirt.
Alas from this struggle,
Alas from that business.

O Sultan of Soul's Sultan,
O praise of Tebriz, Shemseddin,
There is love of the heart, of the body.
You are in the eyes of Soul.



94.

Verse 977

Your bright face became Soul's mirror.
I didn't know that your soul and my soul
Were all the same.

The house of heart, the full moon
Are your belongings, your property.
The mind? Well it used to be your landlord.
Now it is your slave, your doorkeeper.

Soul was drunk even on the day of Elest
Because of You.
He was all over the place, even at the mud stage.

Earth has settled down at the bottom,
Water becomes clear.
Now *mine* and *yours* have disappeared.

In order to make your smiling glory eternal,
The Kaiser⁹¹ of Rum has defeated the Negroes.

O One whose face resembles the Moon,
I yell from time to time,
But even your love that knows my words
Becomes a curtain to me.



95.

Verse 983

O my Beauty, the moon and sun
Are like jokes in front of Your face.
How could Venus dare to talk about a mirror,
About the machine that weaves light?

Moon has fallen in love at Your temple.
The red color of his face is all faded.

Music is a window opened to your rose garden.
Heart's ear of lovers are all at this window.

Ah, there is a big curtain on this window,
But O choice one, valuable one,
Go ahead, don't tell anything.
It is a curtain, but a beautiful one.

It is such a sugar
That in order to chew, to eat,
Lips become teeth like a saw.

I saw my hand, my heart
Inside of a jar, so I said,
"O Hodja who has wisdom, what's in this jar?"

"The wine of someone who doesn't care
To buy that sky with one penny
With the wheel of soul," he said.

The unruly horse of the sky stays at His door.
Soul is like a donkey in the middle of His square,
With a sack hanging around its neck.

O Sultan who doesn't care for this,
Help walks on the right side of the army,
The kingdom on the left.

Right now, Shemseddin is rising from Your Tebriz.
The sun has entered the Sign of the Ram.



☪ Cupbearer, don't give me
 To the winds with your coyness,
 Offer wine to me.
 Don't remind me of the grief of His tomorrow.

Fill up the glass from that big jar.
 Put it in front of me.
 Don't cheer me up
 If I don't untie the knot of the heart.

If wine goes to my head, I'll say,
 "O beautiful son, I don't want any more wine.
 I am drunk, fall on the ground.
 Don't offer me any more."

I am a slave, a servant to Your smile.
 I am alive because You killed me.
 Don't offer me the wine of joy
 If I am not Your slave, Your servant.

I am the instigator of Your town.
 I am the martyr of Your cruelty.
 Don't grant any of my wishes if I am not Yours,
 If I didn't give all my belongings.

Give elm to this one and that one
 From the ruby of that mine.
 But if I don't give my life as an elm to You.
 Don't give me any.

Give up the grudge O sugar lips.
Give me a kiss.
Don't give it to me if I don't
Put my head to every soil.

To whomever has been born a second time,⁹²
Love has become kind, has offered lots of favors.
If I haven't been born a hundred times
From truthfulness and righteousness,
Don't give me any.

O good name, God's Shems of Tebriz
Has become a stage for you.
If I haven't scattered this your way,
If I haven't broken down, don't give life,
Don't make me live.



97.

Verse 1002

○ Cupbearer of Soul, don't serve me wine
With anything but that big cup,
The cup which you've offered me before.
Don't serve any wine
With anything other than that cup.

I have been known because of You.
My pleasure, drink, peace and decision \
Are all from You.
My spring ceremony is from You.
Don't give me the season of autumn.

Since You are the Soul, no doubt about it,
That mean soul is nothing
But your servant in Your temple.
O most Beautiful, I don't mind
If You don't give me both worlds,
As long as You are mine.

The One behind the curtain is You.
The One in the middle is You.
You are trouble to the rowdy.
As long as You are the One who gives Soul,
I don't mind if you don't give me
Either soul or life.

You offered me wine with Your palm last night.
If I am like that, You have made me like that,
Don't give me anything but your heart.

I don't know anything
Besides the gold-colored wine.
O my silver statue,
Don't give me anything I don't know.

I have fallen down on the green,
Have become decrepit.
Look at this door.
Whoever asks any question about me,
Don't give a trace, don't say anything.

I am a confused lion.
I am a slave, a servant for your wound.
If I am alive without You,
Don't give me anyone but dogs.

I turned into a star because of that moon-face.
I am new, fresh because of that rose.
I am alone, better than others.
Don't give me to everyone.

Sultan of Sultans of Tebriz,
God's Shems of happy, auspicious souls,
My mouth is full of you.
Don't cause a sore in my mouth.



98.

Verse 1012

○ Beauty whose face opens a new way
In places where there is no passage, no way,
Look at that dance without feet.
Look at that laughter without a mouth.

The one-month old baby
Drank a drop of milk from the breast of love,
Grew and became a tall cypress.

Idiots whose hearts are blind
Have talked too much.
But for God's sake, look at that face, that face.

Listen to that from me by God, he is Joseph.
I ate salt and bread, made friends
With Joseph at the bottom of the well.

When He shows His face,
Listen to the world of Absence.
Arsh⁹³ is filled with yells,
Fersh⁹⁴ with wah-wahs.


The Lover resembles a bow,
Especially if the Beloved is as beautiful as an arrow.
But the bow doesn't do any good
If he has ten strings.

The one who is honored by the glimpse
Of Shemseddin from Tebriz,
The one who has seen him once
Laughs at him forty days, blames him ten days.⁹⁵



99.

Verse 1019

odja, greetings to you.
You discovered the treasure of loyalty.
Put your heart over mine
Because you have found the thing that was lost.

You give your greeting,
At the same time receive greetings.
Beat the drum of God,
Because you received this drum from God.

Hodja, how are you?
What do you feel in the arms
Of that moon-faced one? Tell us.
O Hodja, how did you find the one
Who is far more valuable than Soul?

O great big jar which has been filled
From the river of Selsebil,⁹⁶
Even Ridvan⁹⁷ is jealous of you.

O face that has turned into gold,
You have found the treasure of pearl.
O stark-naked body,
You have found valuable dresses.

O Heart who keeps crying,
Smile for the whole world.
You are my friend now;
You have found my Beloved.

Hodja, you are my close friend.
Come close to me.
Come so I will tell you whom you have found.

They are beating the drum of sky for you, the drum:
Go ahead, you are on the right way.
You have found the wealth of Hita.⁹⁸

He put his lips on yours.
That's why your lips became sweet.
Since you have found the cupbearer,
Help the ones whose lips have become dried.

Hodja, jump out of the world,
Lock your mouth.
Since you have found the key,
Open your locked hand.



100.

Verse 1029

Go, O Ahi,⁹⁹ go entertain your guest;
I am not coming.
Smoke that comes from the heart of the cook
Stops me from eating and drinking.

He gives sustenance to the whole world,
But hides Himself.
He is generous in gold, but greedy in union.

Eating, drinking and a warm loaf of bread
Are the lot of cold people;
Joy, ecstasy and magnificence
Are the share of lovers.

Page 264 of original Divan.

Look at the share of the One who allocates.
Be content, don't fight, don't complain.
If you do, things will get worse.

If you belong to heaven, enlighten your heart, shine;
If you belong to hell, burn nicely.
How long will you be staying in this world,
This isthmus?

Don't be blind-hearted
By looking at beauties.
Slaughter house's dog goes blind
Because it keeps gazing.

The hair of beauties, like chains,
Pull men to hell.
They look heavenly on the surface,
But their insides are hellish.

You are the slave of fire and coal
But God's help is row upon row.
For sure, He saves you.

In order to reach Shems,
Go to Tebriz.
How long will you be kept anchored
In the dark place like ordinary people?



101.

Verse 1038



Soul, O world!

You are going, but you are carrying
Soul and the world with you.
You are pulling, taking sugar's mine,
Keep eating sugar.

O Moon-faced beauty, walk slowly,
Slowly so that branch of rose
Won't hurt the chest of the lily.

You are hiding your sunny face from us.
At last smell our burned lungs.

If one of your glimpses is Your loyalty,
That would be Your alms.
To give alms is a nice thing.
You have such wealth, you are so rich.

Look at us. Look at that,
Our bleeding lungs, our crazy hearts.
Our day-by-day increasing sorrows
Will get better.

Thank God that we are burned.
We learned how to be burned.
We understood the way,
The manner of Semender¹⁰⁰ by heart.

The one who falls into Your love is ruined.
The one who passes out of himself watching You
Loses his mind, his heart.
He runs with his joy, kneels down,
Keeps kissing Your feet.

O my beautiful-faced one,
I am so much in love with you
That all the brightness of the beauties
Come to me through you.
You either break idols or make them like Azer.¹⁰¹

You are drunk from those eyes, that sight.
You are joyful because of that cheerful fate.
Evil eyes will stay away from you,
So you'll be more comfortable.

Go to the land of heart with Soul
And see the circles of row upon row of angels
And the face of fairies.

Later, when you pass through angels and fairies,
You will see forms that would disappear
In the land of attributes.



102.

Verse 1049

One who became a friend of the mirror
Because of your own Beauty!
I wish the mirror were burned to ashes
So you could not look at it all the time.

My soul drank a fiery water
From the sea of love
So that the water in my glass turned into fire.

Heart and soul became fire with envy
After seeing the mirror,
Which changed into a rose garden
Because of those ambergris eyes.

I have surpassed my being, am annihilated.
If you can find "me," give him my best.
Ask how he is, what he is doing.
Ask him if he is all right.

O my friend, I am not drunk,
But my mind has gone from my head.
His magician eyes made me a magician.

If your mind is in your head,
Look at His work and understand
That my Beloved's work is not the work
Of a vagabond.

I saw a fish on the shore
Of love's sea, graceful, coquetish,
Beyond description.

He appeared like a fish, but he was sea;
He appeared like a calf,
But he was a Samaritan.¹⁰²

That fish said, "The sea told me
What I understood from your talking.
You are only a doorknob outside of the door."
After he said that, he became silent.

Fish breathe water, not wind;
Air is fire, can't be a peer to wetness.

Look at that fish.
His bread and provisions are all sea.
For that reason,
Are you inferior to the fish, in love?

I threw a net, trying to fish.
Yet, I didn't know my soul was a ring.
I became prey for the Solomon of time.

What kind of pretext is this?
Come and tell who the sea is.
Don't be afraid of anybody's envy
In the search of the greatest of the great.

Tell it absolutely, very clearly.
Don't chew the words so that God's Shems,
Who is the praise of Tebriz,
Won't stay away from your heart.



103.

Verse 1063

The Beloved has become fond
Of joy and pleasure lately.
His insides are hard at work,
But outside he appears very playful.

The Beloved has killed all lovers
With grace and charm
In order to put them in their essence,
In order to prevent their ignorance
From causing embarrassment

Keep on moving,
Because running water never freezes.
Even Love took the secret of growth from motion.

The drawing on the glass of the tavern
Doesn't move like real live ones.
The lean horse doesn't enter the war
And break the lines.

They beat the war drums.
You will soon see
The saddle of the Arab's horse start moving.

Hit like lions, drink blood.
Cut the neck of Ebhaz's¹⁰³ disbeliever,
Be a martyr.

The lion's game is to battle.
The fox's game is to run away.
How does the fox consider
Itself an equal of the lion?

Where are the ones who go like flaming fire?
Where are the others whose hearts are cold, dark?
How can the one from Merv
Be company to the one from Rey¹⁰⁴ on the road?
Is that possible?

Love is an amazing soldier of wars.
Even martyrs come to life because of him.
O pure Soul, prostrate in front of such a gazi.¹⁰⁵

When that Sun starts sending His mercy,
Sky, which resembles a body
Whose heart is darkened,
Is filled with moonlight.

The musicians picked up the wine glasses,
The shrill pipe and the tambourine.
That generous charmer
Was watching them with every breath.

How wonderful for that clean soul
That while he was lying
In dirt and dust in this square,
That charmer came from the land of heart
And set this soul in a new body.



104.

Verse 1075

Gave people from the top
And the temptation to become top.
O Beloved inside of the heart,
How long will you be fighting
To escape from heart?

O heart of the Heart,
O soul of the Soul,
The time has come to give life to death
And bring him to resurrection.
Enliven him, pull now.

You sent Joseph's shirt to us as a gift,
So that Sun would tear
His golden, embroidered shirt.

If you come from an invisible sea with an army,
You will pierce the back of the mountain
With your spear.

You put the dust from the door of Absence
Into the eyes of soul as a salve.
You crown Sencer¹⁰⁶
With the sandals of the Dervish.

You turned the darkest heart into heaven's garden.
You attract the ones whose hearts are thirsty
To ride their horses to the river of Kevser.¹⁰⁷

You make the stomach of the fish
A house for Jonah.
You pull the real Joseph
Up from the bottom of the well.

You force hungry Self
To do Mary's fasting,
Then You bring a lean donkey
In front of love's Behram.¹⁰⁸

You make the nature of man repent
From gazel, poem and verse
And that way pull heart out of soul
Toward the land of Absence
Without book and breath.

You grow a fiery ear of corn in the sky,
Then you pull that moon-face Venus
To the corner of the tent.

O, Praise of Tebriz; God's Shems,
If you quit pulling me toward yourself
For even one moment, pity me, pity me.



105.

Verse 1086

Ah, what a charming beauty
Behind the veil of unruliness.
Ah, obstinacy and surliness
Makes him so beautiful.

Sometimes he starts a journey
Like the moon at night, gathers an army of stars.
Sometimes he is hiding from all eyes
Because of jealousy,
Throws your heart to the fire with separation.

What a happy time is that time when,
By holding the Sultan of Sultan's Sun by his waist,
You pull him to your house.

You take off the dress of soul
With the pleasure of that time.
You even pull the ear of destiny
With the secret of ecstasy.

When every piece of sugar
Picks him up and throws him to the fire,
He will get the desire to burn,
To become aloe wood.

Sluggishness and faults of cupbearers
Would be overlooked at that time.
In any case, even wine wouldn't be sinful
If you drank very little.

It is good fortune
If you have an appetizer from heaven.
It is auspicious
If you drink wine from the river of Kevser.

You passed out of yourself like a drunk.
You washed your hands out of yourself.
You drew your dagger
In order to shed your own blood.

Where is the darkness in my light?
Where is an unbeliever so you can
Draw your sword and cut his neck?

The time has come, O praise of Tebriz,
O Shemseddin, to drink me with red wine.



106.¹⁰⁹

Verse 1096

○ Sultan of the First Judgment,
You are compassionate.
You don't take bribes.
Every broken, worn-out thing will grow,
Rejuvenate, when you show mercy.

Page 265 of original Divan.

You caged our souls in forms on paper
Where you paint
So nobody's hands will touch there.
But that paper knows your power.

You have such a divine light
That you tear the curtains of darkness
With its sparks.
But you also hide that light from the blind
Because of Your jealousy.

When endless desert becomes smaller, narrower,
To understand Him properly,
Why do you offer this sight
To the eyes which can hardly look at the light?

Make our Mirac¹¹⁰ closer.
Lift us up.
The time has come for departure.
Soul is freed from this spreading earth.

Ride the horse of generosity.
That is the best, the greatest horse.
Read the card of loyalty,
See what has been written there.

Brother, if you steal,
You may as well steal pearl.
Drink from our cup quickly and grow.



107.

Verse 1103

○ Beautiful, You are killing lovers like sugar.
If You are going to kill me,
Take my soul nicely.

It is the talent of Your hand
To kill nicely, beautifully.
With one look, You kill
The ones who are asking for Your gaze.

I wait for early dawn, I wait,
Because You kill me at early dawn
Before everybody.

Your grief, Your torture are sweet
Like sugar for us.
Don't close the door of help for us.
Since You kill me in front of the door and go,
Don't do this.

O One whose breath comes
From neither chest nor abdomen!
O One whose sorrow relieves sorrow!
O One who burns us with His breath!

You push the shield in front
Like an excuse to us, every moment.
You left the sword.
You are killing us with the shield.



108.

Verse 1109

○ Hodja, why have you been confused?
I wonder if you are in love?
If you are, O Hodja,
Break the glass, drink from the jar, O Hodja.

It would be nice if you knew
At which door you stand.
It would be nice if you knew
With which Moon you are in love.

The sky can't see that Source of Sun,
Even in his dreams.
Your eyes are bright because of that.
Look at me once more if you are in love.

Even the lion of sky is afraid of that danger.
I am telling the truth.
You are a very strong lover.

O fresh, brand new rose, tell the truth.
Why did you tear your kaftan?
O pure, lean moon,
With which early dawn are you in love?

O Heart, which has a disposition like the sea.
You are becoming rough with thoughts.
You foam with every breath.
With which pearl are you in love?

The one who looks at and admires Him
Doesn't care about arrows,
Is not oppressed with anxiety.
If you throw away your shield,
You will also become a fearless lover.

Every piece of earth has been in love like us.
But, O cleanest Soul,
You are a lover who has no peer.

O mind, if you are a bird of the sea,
Don't breathe, don't talk.
Since your talent is silence,
With which other talent are you in love?



109.

Verse 1118

My face has found hundreds
Of sparks of brightness from Your face.
My Soul has found hundreds
Of securities from Your Soul.

When my iron existence
Found the polish of His love,
It turned to the mirror of existence
And ceased to be iron.

My heart's bird kept fluttering;
Neither his decision nor his peace is left.
When he saw his real home,
He stopped and rested there.

My eyes are not mirrors
Without seeing Your eyes.
My window is not a window
If Your day doesn't shine on it.

When my eyes saw Him,
"You are my light," they said.
When my soul saw Him,
"You are my Soul," it said.

Patience saw Your sugar of gratitude
Then became patient.
Poverty changed to wealth and praise
Because of You.

Sometimes I am at Your door;
I keep knocking on the door knob.
Sometimes You are in my arms;
Keep knocking on the knob of heart's door.

O morning breeze, go around love.
Be a messenger, carry these two bits of news:
Carry the news that I will be purified
By your fanning
And that the wetness on my shirt will be dried.

It is my job to tie my waist, like sugar cane;
To give sugars like sugar cane is Yours.

O Soul who takes refuge in us,
Annihilate *me* and *us*.
If you don't give up *me*,
You are cut off from *us*.

The sweet seed said to the stone,
"If I am broken, I'll show my essence,
But if you are broken, poor you."



110.

Verse 1129

A sacred beauty inside of me
Creates an uproar with every breath,
Through the secret road,
Keeps making noise.

My trials, my destruction, my exuberance
Took Islam away.
Alas to Islam!

He asked Me, "Do you drink wine?
Do you have doubt?"
Who is free from doubt besides
The heart that became the possession of God?

Go ahead, tell tales.
Go to the house as a drunk.
Scatter souls, because that peerless beauty
Also scatters roses.

O Charmer, whose face and cheeks are beautiful,
Give your attention to me once,
Take care of the one
Who has become drunk with Your sorrow.

O worshiper, O One who is worshipped!
O One who sees, O one who is seen!
O one who is good in his business,
Look for love in the heart of humanity, learn there.

Our Kaaba is His quarter.
His face is our Kible.
Our guide on the way to the Sultan is His smell.

O knowledgeable Hodja,
If you don't want to put your head in danger,
Stay away from us, stay away.

No, no, I said it wrong.
You give one head,
Take a hundred thousand of them.
The thorn grows, but not the rose,
On the treasure buried in the ruins.

That Lion of mine, my lover,
Has come with the bottle in his hand
Like he was inviting a fairy.

I said, "O Archangel Gabriel,
Ask about our situation."
"What a pity," he answered,
"What could I ask? You know my situation.

I am drunk, have lost my way.
Be silent, don't ask questions.
Understand the source of my drunkenness
From its smell."

When is that time coming, O my God,
That we will be separated from our Self?
When Godly pillage will loot all our garments?

Whoever has a small job
Gets a small sliver into his palm.
Whoever has a sweetheart
Looks like he is locked in a dungeon.

Your job is you.
Your Beloved is also you.
The only one who becomes a rind¹¹¹
Is the one able to get away from himself.



111.

Verse 1144

Come close, closer, closer.
How long will you hesitate?
Since you are me and I am you,
Why is there this division of yourself and myself?

Since we are God's light, God's glass,¹¹²
What is this dissent, this fight with our Self?
Why does light run away from brightness?

All together, we are one, a matured one.
Why do we become so cross-eyed, why?
Why do the rich abuse the poor, why?

Why does the right hand despise the left hand,
Since both of them are your hands?
What is lucky? Unlucky?

We are all from the same origin.
Our heads are one, our minds are one.
Why is there such double vision
Under this double-hunched sky?

Pack up your belongings
From these five senses and six dimensions.
Come to the land of Unity.
How long will you be only talking
About the tall Union's tree?

Come, get out of your Self.
Mix, merge with others.
If you stay in Self, you are a grain,
You are a drop.
If you mix and merge with others,
You are an ocean, you are a mine.

The male lion acts like a lion.
The dog acts like a dog.
Pure Soul does as he wishes.
Flesh lives in flesh.

Consider also that the flesh and soul are just one.
But in number, they are hundreds of thousands.
They are unlimited in numbers, like almonds.
Different almonds, but their oils are the same.

There are languages in this world, many languages.
Their meaning is all the same.
Once you break the cup, the container,
Water will flow on its way to Unity.

If you push the word out of heart and reach Union,
Soul will send news, tell of his intention.



112.

Verse 1155

That doctor said to me,
“Go away, you have eaten a sour thing.
I said, “No.”
“Look, even your color is sour,” he said.

“Once heart is darkened,
The color of face becomes its evidence.
You are behind the curtain,
But your insides keep reflecting out.

Your soil turns into a garden
With clear, sweet water,
But grows thorns with the bitter one.

Vegetation grows green in the spring time,
Becomes yellow in the fall.
If you haven’t seen the autumn,
How come you wither, become pale?”

I said to Him,
“O One who knows secrets,
How can I hide from You?
You are the One who grows the Soul.

Who can enliven the ones you’ve made bitter?
Who can warm up the ones you freeze?”

Send us a health elixir from your special wines,
Because you are the one
Who makes exuberant and overflowing
The ones you crush.

He offered such beautiful wine and said,
“Come to yourself, drink.
Be cheerful if you are sad,
Come to life if you are dead.”

Page 266 of original Divan.

Hundreds of rivers, like the river of Aras,¹¹³
Spring up from rock because of You.
Lights shine from your dark complexion.

You appear to be temporary,
But become the Hizir¹¹⁴ of immortality.
You become joy to the heart
Even when Your heart is hurt.

When will that existence
That is purified by a stranger
Give up the dress
That is success and honor for hundreds of people?

One tree said to the wind,
“How long will you be blowing?”
Wind answered, “You turned yellow,
But I will be your spring.”



113.

Verse 1167

This Sema is broken in half
Because of a stranger.
The bad voice of an owl
Turned the circle into a ruin.

The person resembles snow, freezes time;
Even though he melts down
And becomes a torrent,
He still destroys the house down to the ground.

The stranger is bad outside,
But inside is even worse.
Even the extraction of a tooth is necessary
When the tooth becomes like a foreign body.

A stranger, a bad mannered person
Is like the autumn wind.
It turns the garden yellow,
Squeezes the seeds in the ground,
Hides their beauty.

The smiles on your face are like a rose,
But the pricks to your feet are like thorns.
Save your beard from that two-faced one
Who resembles a comb.

So many brave armies have been defeated
Because of a coward on the front line.

Isn't that Sultan of Sultans
God's and faith's Shems of Tebriz?
He is the candle of all assemblies.
I became a moth for him.



114.

Verse 1174

Every bit of barren land changed
Into a tulip garden with the light of your face.
Every unripe grape became honey
With the reflection of your red lips.

Last night I read the Koran of your love;
My Soul became crazy, insane
From one of the verses.

If the taste on the surface of sugar was Your sugar,
The difficulty of both worlds
Would turn into sweet halva.

Show your Sun-face to the body
Which resembles a naked man.
Reflect the light of your face to that body,
So that the root of each hair will fill with sugar.

Ecstasy is easier to find than the thread
Which becomes loose from the spool.
Even the enemy has found
The end of thread from the spool.

Ah, you haven't seen yet,
Skulls are dancing in front of love's square.
There is a fireplace in every corner.

Body resembles a melon.
How could anybody eat if they didn't harvest?
Break it so that the value,
Worth the land of Lahor,¹¹⁵ becomes apparent.

I went to the doctor of both worlds.
"I am the patient of love," I said.
The pulse of my heart was beating.
There was a glass of urine in my hand.

I asked him, "O praise of Tebriz, Shemseddin,
Who could find the remedy
For an old, deep-rooted ailment?"



115.

Verse 1183

It looks like you were in other places,
Because your stomach is empty.
You must drink different kinds of water.
You are smeared with mud.

You are drunk from another wine.
Your mind is not in your head.
You are very naive.
Since you gave your heart to him, go.
You won't have peace and comfort from now on.

A walking treasure¹¹⁶ is in your heart.
There is mud at the top of this treasure.
Let's assume you haven't seen it.
Haven't you heard that?

The reason for the eyes being unable to see
Is because of anger and self.
How could you give jade powder
As a salve for the eye?

Your soul is tracked by His eternal look.
Even in that situation, you went ahead
And tried to cover the sun with soil.

The treasure chest in your heart has been sealed.
Your heart has become the mine for lovers.
O hungry-eyed, gluttonous one,
How long will you be occupied with the desire
Of stuffing your belly with food?

Your love palpitations are the effect of
Shemseddin.
Your fate, for which you have worked,
Is coming from Tebriz.



116.

Verse 1190



Lion's Heart, you have done
So much of lion's bravery,
Received prices on kindness and generosity
From the Sun.

Close your eyes, show pity once more.
If you took an oath before God, violate that oath.

Look and see.
As long as you insist on this anger, this fight,
The enemy keeps clapping their hands.

O my Soul, tell me
To whom your heart is inclined,
I will be the ground for his way.
Whomever you think is a good man,
I will become a slave, a servant to him.

O body, at last, jump.
Come to yourself, work hard.
Hard work is good for you.
How come you fade, become withered?

Get up! Go to the Beloved,
Rub your face on the ground.
Ask, "O friend, who is sweeter than sugar?
Why have you been hurt?"

Master of Soul, praise of Tebriz, Shemseddin,
This head of mine has grown from your sapling
Because you are the one who caused it to mature.



117.

Verse 1197

○ iron-hearted one,
I didn't know your iron heart was a mirror
That has been a friend of my heart
For many years.

I am in the heart of the mirror,
The mirror is in my heart.
Who is body?
Someone who was born yesterday
Or the day before.

Hodja, how come you are like that?
The love of religion is running away from you,
Because it sees you, always,
Like yesterday's Ahmed.

Really, you are a choice bird.
Gather the sweet seeds;
They were brought from China just for your bird.

You are God's lion,
He called you a male lion.
When the situation is like that,
Why do you become the friend of the monkey?

Don't pay attention to the shape of the body.
Ignore that, it doesn't deserve you.
But, even the Sultan occasionally
Wears a wool mantle.

Put your mind in your head
And put your heart in the Beloved's hand,
So your heart won't get rotten
With grief and hatred.

That heart which became beautiful
Keeps looking for love.
Even the Heart of Mount Sinai
Turned into a carpet and spread under your feet.

You are thirsty for that sherbet.
That strike is hurting you, making you sick.
You won't have complete faith
As long as you are in this strange land.

Reason resembles sugar,
Shapes are sugar cane.
Meanings are wine.
Words are wine jars.

If the bride is not beautiful,
Even if she is dressed in satin garments
With golden embroidery,
Still heart doesn't feel good.
Eyes won't be satisfied with the garments.

Since you don't give up this world
And go to the tavern of heart,
Instead of drinking wine,
Keep drinking tasteless tarhana soup.¹¹⁷

Change your body's house to a rose garden,
The corner of the heart to a Friday Mosque.

A Beauty appears to that kind of person
With every breath.

A plate of marzipan¹¹⁸ is served by a beauty
To that person who sees everything as one.

Be silent!

Don't tell sea stories to the sea bird.

Why do you offer virgins to the impotent Sultan?



118.

Verse 1212

Our Soul is a mansion,
It is not a hill, not a ruin.
Our friend is our Beloved, not a stranger.

The road to heart
Passes through a formidable desert.
The one who doesn't have a big heart,
Who is not a brave Rustem¹¹⁹ couldn't reach there.

When such a person's body is buried in the ground,
A tree of acceptance grows from that body,
Like a seed grows into a plant.

The only one who fell in love with that light
Is the one whose heart is luminous.
The heart of the moth is the one
That the candle constantly tries.

The coyness of the Archangel Gabriel
Is what sends Jesus to the plains, gives him cheer,
Because even the sun is nothing
But a house of bachelors for him.
He doesn't see or even look at the sun.



119.

Verse 1217

It is not a surprise if a fairy stays in line
In front of Solomon.

Look at Solomon:

He stays in line in front of that fairy.

He is such a fairy that man turned into an angel
By the light of his face.

The fairy is saved from trouble and difficulty.

He is freed from the worry of looking for a remedy.

Man's eyes are opened with the help of that fairy.

Because of that fairy, the angel and the devil

Found the pearl of soul.

I and *We* are all purified,

The sperm has dried.

Fairy became man, man became fairy.

The fairy became more cheerful than Soul

Because of the reflection of Soul's eye,

Shemseddin's face,

Who is the praise of Tebriz, and Soul.



120.

Verse 1222

Page 267 of original Divan

With every breath, a voice comes
From the left and right, saying,
“We are going to the garden and meadow.
Who wants to come?”

The time to stay home has gone.
Now is the time to go to the garden and meadow.
The dawn of happiness has broken.
The time of meeting and union has come.

O victorious Sultan, wake up from this deep sleep.
Ride the horse of greatness and success.
The time for union is ours.

They are beating the drum of loyalty,
They have swept the road to sky.
Your joy and pleasure is cash.
Where is trading by installment?

Rum has intervened and panicked
The negro of night.
The world of superiority and banality
Both keep shining.

How lucky is that person who is saved
From this color, this smell,
Because there are so many colors and smells
In the heart and soul
Besides these colors and smells.

There is a chemistry counter
Which has been set in this mud.
Even that is good for the soul and heart
That are freed from the mud.



121.

Verse 1229

The doctor entered the door of Job again.
Joseph of Canaan came and met Jacob again.

Heart has left his house to go
To the Beloved's place,
But he found that the Beloved's house
Was his own house.

After heart is annihilated the meaning of
"I am the one who is desired."
I am also the one who desires"
Has become apparent.

Thank God Jesus came so our Azer¹²⁰ is alive
again.
Thank God that Moses showed his miracle.

Thank God that Moses
Has been saved from Pharoah's people.
Thank God, that the lover
Came and sat next to his Beloved.

Thank God that Love's sun rose from the East,
Shone and scattered
His fire and exaltation of heart.

Thank God that the Cupbearer of Absence
Has washed all shame with wine.
Thank God that the expectant one
Has been relieved from all sorrow.



NOTES

- 1 The legendary rich.
- 2 The direction of Mecca.
- 3 Koran I.
- 4 A unit of Namez.
- 5 Koran VII-143.
- 6 Maruf-i Kerhi: Ninth century religious leader who lived in Baghdad.
- 7 Kalender: Specific Sufi sect.
- 8 Elest: Koran VII-143.
- 9 The Prophet Mohammed.
- 10 Koran LIV-1.
- 11 Koran VII-172.
- 12 The horse on which the Prophet ascended to heaven.
- 13 Koran XX-87.
- 14 Musteri: Jupiter = customers.
- 15 Helal-Haran: Religiously permissive, non-permissive.
- 16 Gayn and mim: Letters of Arabic alphabet.
- 17 Hutun: Place in Eastern Turkey, famous for beautiful women.
- 18 Tugra: Name of Sultan, is written in figure of a bird.
- 19 After Shemseddin's disappearance, according to this gazel, Mevlana thought he went to Tebriz.
- 20 Koran VII-156.
- 21 Nigella Sative. Used as a flavor, also to throw on fire against evil eyes.
- 22 Koran IV-128.
- 23 Hatem-i Tayy: One known for his legendary generosity.
- 24 Ferman: Command. Imperial decree.
- 25 La havle ve la kuvvete illa billah: There is no power nor strength but in God.
- 26 Koran C-1.
- 27 Koran II-67.

- 28 Mirac: The Prophets ascension to Heaven.
- 29 Ahmet: The Prophet Mohammed.
- 30 Koran LXXXII-4. C-5.
- 31 A star in Ursa Minor.
- 32 Numeration by letters of the alphabet.
- 33 Legendary mountain where Phoenix lives.
- 34 Belkis: The queen of Sheba.
- 35 Keykubad: King in Persia in the 12th century.
- 36 Koran X-90.
- 37 Keykubad: A Persian king.
- 38 Rustem, Sam and Neriman: Persian mythological heros.
- 39 Koran CIV-1, 2. Woe to every slanderer, defamer who amasses wealth and considers it of no vision.
- 40 Koran XC-4. Certainly we have created man to be in distress.
- 41 "Who has old shoes" is written in Turkish.
- 42 Dervish belonging to the Kanderi Sect.
- 43 Turkish saying: The donkey's tail neither grows nor gets smaller.
- 44 Koran C-1.
- 45 Kebre Otu: A spicy herb.
- 46 The famous sword of Caliph's Ali.
- 47 A conical hat.
- 48 Akl-i Kul: Universal intelligence.
- 49 Beautiful woman of heaven.
- 50 City famous for its candles.
- 51 St. George.
- 52 Near eastern musical mode.
- 53 Sagrak: Drinking bowl.
- 54 Tugra: Sultan's monogram.
- 55 This verse is not in the Divan at Konya.
- 56 Azer: Lazarus. Jesus brought him back to life four days after his death.
- 57 Koran LXXX-1, 2.

- 58 Lala: The servant placed in charge of a boy child.
- 59 A cubicle temple at Mecca.
- 60 The ceremony of going around the Kaaba.
- 61 Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 62 Lam & Kaf: Arabic alphabet.
- 63 This gazel is in Arabic.
- 64 A large earthen jar.
- 65 Religiously permissible.
- 66 Koran, Surah XVIII.
- 67 Arab and Turk are used symbolically for darkness and Beauty.
- 68 There were beggars who wounded themselves if they didn't get what they begged for. (Golpinarli)
- 69 Ancient Persian King.
- 70 Hızir: Legendary help in time of trouble.
- 71 Husrev and Shirin: characters in a Persian love story.
- 72 Koran: Surah XXXVI. Seen = man, referred by Prophet Mohammed.
- 73 Characters in love story.
- 74 A Love story put in Mesnevi form by Fahreddin Gurgani (d.1063).
- 75 Religious holiday.
- 76 The angel at the door of Heaven.
- 77 Ney: A reed flute.
- 78 A city in Western Turkestan famous for its Beauties.
- 79 Celebi: The title of a royal prince, or the title given to members of a certain Sufi order.
- 80 Friend. In Sufi terms it means more than friend.
- 81 Mahmut: Ruler of Gazne. Eyaz: Beloved slave.
- 82 A sandal of rawhide.
- 83 A tanned skin with fur on it, used as a rug.
- 84 La yekun: Impossible.
- 85 The gradual increase of warmth in February caused by the fall of an imaginary object to air, water or earth.

- 86 Cafer'i Tayyar: The son of the Prophets uncle.
Brother of Khalif Ali.
Cafer: The name of a famous thief.
- 87 Sema.
- 88 Religious festivity.
- 89 Koran VII-172.
- 90 Cured meat.
- 91 Emperor, Caesar.
- 92 Bible-Jonah, III-2-8. In Sufism, the second birth is initiation to the Sufi way.
- 93 Arsh: Heaven.
- 94 Fersh: Earth
- 95 Forty days: May be an indication of thirty, plus ten days given Moses for manifestation.
- 96 Koran LXXVI-18.
- 97 The angel at the gate of heaven.
- 98 City of Eastern Turkistan.
- 99 Member of semi-religious fraternity.
- 100 Legendary animal who lives in fire.
- 101 Azer: He was mentioned with Abraham. He worshipped idols. Koran VI-74.
- 102 Koran XX-87.
- 103 Ebhaz-Akbazio: Town in Georgia near Tiflis.
- 104 Merv and Rey are cities. Their people were opposite each other.
- 105 Gazi: Veteran of a war.
- 106 Sencer: Ruler of the Iranian Selcuk between 1117 and 1157.
- 107 Kevser: River in heaven.
- 108 Behram: Shah of Iran known as Bahren-i Gur: He found a wild donkey while hunting. Died in a hunting accident in 433 A.D.
- 109 This gazel is in Arabic.
- 110 Prophet's ascencion to Heaven.
- 111 Rind: A jolly, unconventional, humorous man. Sect of Sufis.

- 112 Koran XXIV-35.
- 113 Aras: River in Eastern Turkey.
- 114 Ilizir: Immortal being reputed to come to rescue those in deep distress.
- 115 Lahor: A city in Northern Pakistan.
- 116 Koran XXVIII-81. Quarun's treasure.
- 117 Tarhana soup: Dried curds and flour.
- 118 Almond paste.
- 119 Rustem: Legendary Persian hero who is famous for his strength.
- 120 Azer: Lazarus, who Jesus brought back to life.



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We are engulfed by soul's sea
With every breath we take.
If it is not so, why do the waves come
One after the other
From the sea of Heart?

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Divân-i Kebîr 10

Verse 119

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